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Looking Forward

WITH THIS ISSUE, The Outlook and Independent dons its new autumn dress preparatory to a public appearance on the newsstands from coast to coast.

ONE OF THE DAILY occurrences in the editorial sanctum this summer has been the arrival of letters, posted from nearly every state in the Union, asking us why it is so difficult to secure this journal on the local newsstands.

THE REASON IS THAT primarily The Outlook is not what is called a newsstand magazine. Unlike some weeklies, which derive nearly ninety-nine per cent of their circulation from casual newsstand buyers, it is read by a definite group of families (eighty-five thousand, on the average, during the last six months) who subscribe for it by the year and invite it into their homes, with confidence.

BECAUSE OF THE quality of its contents (not its price), we have hitherto considered that it necessarily would interest and appeal only to the selected person, as do all quality articles. Such people constitute a comparatively small though influential group in their community. There are hundreds of newsstands which are patronized by this type of American. But there are thousands which are not.

TO HAVE PLACED The Outlook on thousands of such stands, as a convenience for the occasional reader, before being convinced that a definite need existed, would have been vanity slightly beyond our natural egotism.

ONLY THE UNMISTAKABLE evidence we have received during these last six months, of a genuine demand for the magazine, has led us to take the step outlined above. At present, there is no weekly in the field like The Outlook which endeavors to bring order out of chaos, and clarity out of the confusion of complex modern life.

It will be interesting to find out how great that field actually is.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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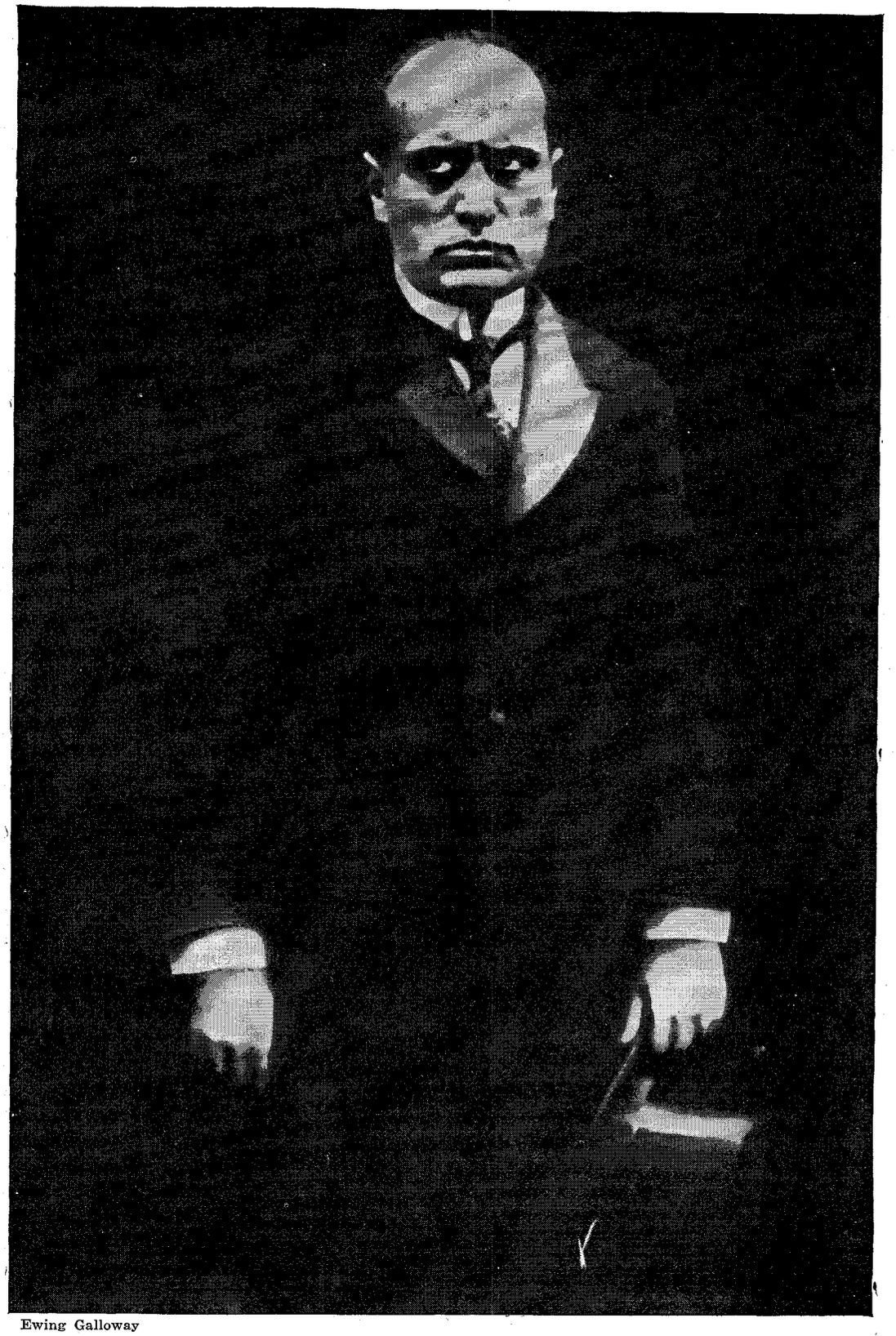

Ewing Galloway

IL DUCE

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Outlook

and Independent

October 9, 1929

Il Duce vs. the Pope

The End of the Honeymoon

By GAETANO SALVEMINI

"The Government is on the alert—nothing escapes it," roars Mussolini after looking with suspicion in the direction of the Vatican. It seems possible, however, that Il Duce (who is the Government) was not wholly alert when he signed the treaties of February 11th with the Pope. The newly formed "Catholic League" constitutes a new menace to Fascism. Professor Salvemini, who was Professor of History at the University of Florence until his views made exile to Paris expedient, is a good deal amused by the warfare between Mussolini and the Pope

THE HONEYMOON OF Pius XI and Mussolini was brief. It began on February 11, 1929, the day when the Lateran treaties between the Italian Government and the Vatican were signed; and it ended on May 13, the day when Mussolini explained the significance of these treaties to the Chamber of Deputies in a speech that lasted three hours and a half—a big speech and so of course a great one.

Then started that duet, not exactly of love, between the two infallibles—to which the world listened with amazement not unmingled with amusement. Never in the years before the "peace-making" of February 11 was a Pope constrained to raise his voice so often in so short a time in contradiction of the governors of Italy. After many years of "peace in time of war" we have today between State and Church in Italy "war in time of peace."

The subjects of these controversies have been outlined from time to time by the soloists in the duet, and also by the Catholic and Fascist journals which serve as alternate choruses. But the real underlying reason for the controversies has remained rather in the dark, for neither of the two factions has any interest in placing it in a clear light. It rests in Article 43 of the Concordat which obligates the Fascist Government to respect organizations accepting the direct supervision of the clergy, and which are grouped together in a national association called the "Azione Cattolica" (which may be roughly translated as the "Catholic League.")

The Fascist Party claims the right to control the Italian State to the exclusion of any other party. Its leaders are, in fact, the governors of Italy. In their doctrine the idea of the State and the idea of the Party coincide like two triangles with exactly equal sides. To maintain this equivalence of State and Party requires that no other organization should exist except the Party-State and such bodies as submit to its control. Mussolini is constantly saying: "Everything in the State, nothing against the State, nothing outside the State," with the conviction of a St. Paul writing: "In whom we live and move and have our being." Under his formula, as in all the terminology of the Fascists, the State equals the Party.

FASCIST DOGMA admitted no distinction, up to February 11, between Catholic organizations and others, but only between Fascist and non-Fascist organizations. Fascist organizations were legitimate; others were illegitimate. The Fascists promiscuously pillaged leagues, co-operatives, and educational societies, regardless of whether they flew the Socialist or the Catholic flag. In November, 1926, the Government declared illegal the Italian People's Party, animated by Catholic principles, the Socialist parties, animated by Marxist principles, the Republican Party, animated by the principles of Mazzini, and the Liberal groups, animated by the principles of Cavour.

In February, 1929, Fascists learned from their newspapers that Catholicism had become again the sole religion of the State, that the clergy would be exempt from military service, that marriage laws were to be rewritten on the ruled paper of the canonical code, that the Government had engaged to take precautions to prevent the occurrence in Rome of anything that might be contrary to the sacred character of the city, that the Government was to pay the Pope 90,000,000 lire and that the Fascist authorities conceded to Italian Catholics the right to form their own organizations.

The "Catholic League" can only concern itself with the spread and practice of the principles of the Catholic religion. But where is the dividing line between religious principles and political principles? A group of men or women writing for spiritual activities may, in a moment, change into a group for political action. A religious procession may always imply a demonstration of political force. Wherever an association develops, under whatever banner, no matter in what field—if it evades the control of the Party-State, then the Party-State can not but

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suspect it and treat it as a foe. Such is the logic of Fascist rule. Article 43 of the Concordat has violated this logic.

In the case of the "Catholic League," the Fascists who live in the small provincial towns can not fail to notice a fact which certainly is not destined to quiet their seething spirits. Many of the men who, before November, 1926, formed the intellectual leadership of the People's Party have reappeared, one after another, in 1929, among the intellectual leaders of the "Catholic League." The same rank and file that made up the troops of the Popular Party are placing themselves under the protection of the "Catholic League." The Vatican and the Bishops unquestionably do not propose to disguise in the clerical vestments of the "Catholic League" a new People's Party. But no one can stop the Fascists from harboring this serpent of suspicion. The "Catholic League"—simply because of the mass of followers, fleeing from Fascist Party control, who seek its shelter—might be transformed at an opportune moment into a new anti-Fascist party, even against the wish of the ecclesiastical authorities.

THIS ANXIETY so preoccupies the minds of Fascists throughout Italy that Mussolini felt it necessary in his speech of May 13, to brandish his thunderbolts at the "Catholic League" —in case it might transgress its limits.

"There is no doubt that not all the voices that have been raised in the Catholic camp were in tune. Certain Catholic elements have not broken down all the bridges connected with the thought of the People's Party. Such appeals are to be read as these: Let us multiply the threads that bind us together; let us draw closer our ranks; let us rally our hosts. . . . It is salutary to make it known that the Government is on the alert, that it is watching, that nothing escapes it. We will not allow the revival of parties or organizations that we have forever destroyed. Everyone will remember that when the Fascist Party engages in combat, it goes through to the end and leaves behind a desert."

On July 13, *La Tribuna,* a daily newspaper of Rome directed by a member of the Fascist Grand Council, gave to the thought of Il Duce still more definite form:

"The activity of the 'Catholic League' must be confined to the strictly religious field. If it leaves this field to deal with matters of economics or physical training or education, its activity changes into political action; that is to say, the 'Catholic League' acts substantially as a political party, which is contrary to the character of the government and contravenes the laws of the State; and to this extent it should be repressed."

To this doctrine *L 'Osservatore Cattolico,* on July 15-16, offers the opposing point of view of the Vatican: "If economics, physical training, or education involve problems of morals, the 'Catholic League' does not change its proper activity into political action, does not act as a party, when it concerns itself with them. It keeps to its genuine type of moral and religious activity. It works for the spread and realization of Catholic principles. That is to say, it stays in its own proper field: within the real meaning of Article 43 of the Concordat."

THE TROUBLE has been aggravated by the indiscreet joy with which many Catholics hailed the triumph announced by the Church in the agreements of February 11. In his speech of May 13, Mussolini boasted that he had suppressed in three months more Catholic journals than during the seven preceding years: "It was the one way to bring them back to the correct tone." In the theatre of tragic-comedy that is Italy, hissing or whistling is not allowed—and neither is too much applause for any other actor than the Fascist star.

"Il Duce," however, can not be everywhere at the same time to keep the fanatics of the "Catholic League" within the bounds of prudence. In March there was opened in Bologna a bathing-pool about the size of a fish-pond, for the pupils of the elementary schools. The Archbishop of Bologna felt it his duty to "call the attention of the spiritual shepherds" to the mortal peril that might lurk in this fish-pool and proposed to the parents of the pupils "not to permit any risk of the most charming quality of youth—modesty." The next morning the people of Bologna found that during the night unknown hands had dressed the statute of Neptune, the masterpiece of Gianbologna which adorns the main square of the city, in a pair of drawers.

One of the most acute causes of discontent is the feverishness with which the ecclesiastical authorities and the "Catholic League" took up the fight against the "mode of immodesty"—that is to say, the chase of women wearing short skirts. In the streets of Genoa, in May, there were posted everywhere youths who stopped women and marked on their legs with charcoal the point to which the skirt should come.

In the Fascist journal *Corriere Padano* of August 21, 1929, appears the following despatch from Modena:

"Last evening, at Frassinoro, in the theatre, which was filled with people of the district, a group of friends of the drama presented a comedy. Soon after the beginning of the performance, there entered the local priest, Don Francesco Fiori, causing a lively panic among the ladies. Armed with a knotty club, he leaped up on the stage and addressed the actors, adjuring them to suspend the play. Intervention by the military police was necessary, in order to remove the priest so that the performance could continue."

After the signing of the Concordat, educational organizations devoted to the interests of Catholic young people grew and multiplied with astonishing rapidity throughout Italy: "days or weeks of study and prayer," "congresses of youth," "social schools," "social days for young people," "Catholic young people's camps," "summer schools," "congresses of young women," "young people's meetings." For the first of September was announced a National Congress of Catholic University Students in Rome. Any one reading the news under the heading "Catholic League" in the *Osservatore Romano* must be struck by the intensiveness of the movements.

The young people who take part in these gatherings, attend mass, listen to conferences on religious and moral questions, carry on athletic sports, and sing hymns in Latin, never mention a word of politics. Consequently they do not hymn the praise of Mussolini—for this would be to get into politics. But as soon as the Pope is named, they break out in the most clamorous applause—entirely religious applause. The Fascists are getting an impression that Il Duce let the Pope fool him in this affair of the "Catholic League;" and bite their lips in bitterness.

While they take advantage of Article 43 of the Concordat to draw the young people away from the control of the Fascist Party, the Catholics invoke Article 36 in order to regulate the schools of the State in accord with their wishes. This article says:

"Italy considers the teaching of Christian doctrine, according to the

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form handed down by Catholic tradition, as the foundation and capstone of public education; therefore, Italy agrees that the religious instruction now given in the public elementary schools shall be further developed in the secondary schools according to a program to be agreed upon by the Holy See and the State. This instruction is to be given by teachers and professors who are priests and religious instructors approved by ecclesiastical authority . . . . No texts will be adopted for this religious instruction in the public schools except such as are approved by ecclesiastical authority."

Signor Gioacchino Volpi, Professor of History in the University of Rome, an intimate friend of Mussolini and secretary of the new-born Academy of Italy, was greatly disturbed by this Article.

"Who could imagine," he wrote in an article published in the review *Gerarchia* of February, 1929, "that the State would forbid its philosophers, including those of the schools, or would allow them to be forbidden, to think in a manner different from the philosophy of the Church? That it would command the historians and the teachers of history and authors of text books to hold to the transcendental interpretation instead of the human interpretation of human events, even though this leaves the way open to the higher interpretation? That it would bring confusion into the secondary schools, introducing a dogmatic instruction in religion little suited to the other forms of instruction? We will not believe it."

Ewing Galloway

Pope Pius XI

Others do believe it and say it in a loud voice. The *Civiltá Cattolica,* in the issue of June 1, 1929, indicated what the Vatican seeks in the application of Article 36 of the Concordat. In the secondary schools nothing is to be taught contrary to Catholic doctrine. Therefore it would be well to free the professors of history from the task of teaching their students about the history and religion of the Hebrews, the origins of Christianity, the organization of the Church, and other like risky subjects. These matters should be entrusted to religious teachers. As for philosophy, there should be taught only the Catholic philosophy as systematized once for all by St. Thomas Aquinas. Further, "it is not to be expected or pretended that all the instructors would alter at once the spirit and the doctrine with which they are imbued," so the better solution would be to abolish such dangerous instruction, without a substitute. But if it prove impossible to reach such a radical solution, a working arrangement might be found "in the expectation that the mentality of the teachers will alter in accord with the new regulation." The professors of religion will teach the Catholic doctrine, refuting all opposed objections; and the professors of philosophy will avoid any argument "that might harm or disturb the religious and moral consciousness of the scholars." That is how the confusion between the teachings of dogmatic religion and the teachings of historical philosophy is to be avoided—the confusion that so much occupies the mind of Signor Volpi.

Here we are not in the sphere of abstract discussion of ideas and rights. To the "Black Shirts" it means little to know whether it is the Pope who is right in affirming that Christ destined the Church to be universal from the moment it was founded, or whether Mussolini is right in maintaining that the Church can become universal, thanks to the fact that it established its seat in Rome. The "Black Shirts" are only slightly interested in the question whether the City of the Vatican is a new creation or whether it has only been recognized by the Italian State. Mussolini himself, at heart, attributes no importance to these academic disputations. As for Pius XI, he condemned as heresy, on May 30, Mussolini's version of the universality of the Church; but this did not hinder him from recognizing, on June 7, Mussolini's signature on the document of definitive ratification of their accords, or from accepting the sum of 90,000,000 lire that Mussolini offered him in expiation of the sins of Italy.

It is not abstract questions that are breaking up good relations between the Vatican and the Fascists. But when the question is how far the "Catholic League" is or is not authorized to go in the sphere of Italian daily life, or how much the instructors in the public schools may or may not teach in accordance with the terms of Article 36 of the Concordat, the argument goes on not only between Pius XI, dictator of the Catholic Church, and Mussolini, dictator of the Fascist State. It goes on throughout Italy between the followers of the two dictators—the one group organized in the "Catholic League" and the other group organized in the Fascist Party. If the Pope yields, the Catholics feel that they have been deluded. If Il Duce yields, the Fascists feel themselves duped. The dictators can excommunicate or imprison their foes, but they can not disregard the sentiments of their supporters.

The debate between Catholic journals and Fascist journals is carried on under circumstances of unqualified inferiority for the Catholic papers. They, as soon as they employ a tone or an argument displeasing to the Fascists, are swiftly suppressed. A weekly journal of Vicenza, *Vita Giovanile,* said on July 6, 1929, of the Pope:

"From no other leader can we expect truth, if not from him. By no other

(Please Turn to Page 236)

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Respectable Heretic

A Portrait of Dr. Fosdick

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

The subject of this entertaining portrait has, it is evident, escaped the traditional fate of the heretic; he has not even suffered a loss of prestige or of influence. Quite the contrary, his voice is heard far beyond the walls of his own church. Miss Smith is a frequent contributor to the magazines

IN "MIDDLETOWN," the book which puts a Middle-Western community under the microscope, the authors, Robert and Helen Lynd, attempt to throw some light on the perennial question: Who goes to church, who stays away and why? Among the hundreds of people whom they approached in the course of their investigation was a housewife of the business class, who admitted that she was a very delinquent church-goer.

"You see," she explained, "I'm an admirer of Dr. Fosdick and our minister is not."

To most smug city-dwellers, I think, this item came as something of an eye-opener. Here is a town of the vast middle country, which was chosen by the investigators for its very dead level average. And there are people in such a town to whom the name of Harry Emerson Fosdick is a touchstone by which they take or leave the church. If it means anything it means that the Modernist doctor has done considerably more than ruffle the surface; it means that he is a religious influence broader and deeper than many of us had supposed. Other things bear this out, references in *Middletown* to people who stay home with their radios on Sundays and "hear Dr. Fosdick" and more revealing still, the fact that he has been a contributor to America's safest magazines, the *American Magazine* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The Fosdick heresies have been read and placidly digested by several million readers who learned only last year that women smoke.

All this revives the fascinating speculation: is Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick a great religious leader, and if not, why not? He commands the audience; he has the personality, and he has had something fairly incendiary to say. Yet if "great" means permanently important, then I believe the consensus of opinion would be that Dr. Fosdick is not a great religious leader, in view of the tame ending of the drama of five years ago. At that time the doctor was actually if not technically convicted of heresy by the Presbyterian General Assembly, and thrown out of a Presbyterian pulpit. For a brief, exhilarating period it appeared that the Protestant world might split in two, with Modernists on one side and Fundamentalists on the other.

Today the Protestant churches are exactly where they were and what they were before the storm. Dr. Fosdick is pastor in impeccable standing of the Park Avenue Baptists, and his most sensational headline in the last three years is about a fire which almost destroyed the magnificent new church being built for him by the Rockefeller millions. In the good old days it was the heretic himself who burned—to his greater glory.

It would seem on its face that Dr. Fosdick is becoming institutionalized; actually nothing could be farther from the truth. He has traveled fast and far since his first break with organized religion. Then, with all his heterodoxy, he talked much of the churches; their reform and betterment; today he can spit out the word "Christian" in a manner worthy of the younger writers. He may be ever so great a heretic, but one is hardly prepared for phrases like "the hideous dissonance of five kinds of Christians venerating their sacred sites."

The words quoted were apropos of a situation in the Holy Land, which he visited three years ago, setting forth his impressions in a book called *A Pilgrimage to Palestine*. He talks about the Moslem soldiers who guard the supposed spot of the Crucifixion "to keep the rival Christians from flying at one another's throats," and he uses expressions like "the mummeries of degenerate Christianity that curse Palestine today," and "our popular religion in the West with its cheap and credulous substitutes for goodness." Even today that is fairly strong language for a Christian minister.

It is true enough that Dr. Fosdick has accomplished little or nothing of historical import. But is that fact due to a lack in him, or is it due to the mood of the time? The reason he suffered a qualified martyrdom at the hands of the Fundamentalists, which is to say the reason he became so famous, was not because he had said anything essentially different from what other preachers in New York had been saying. He had only said it a trifle louder. But Dr. Fosdick, as a Baptist in a Presbyterian pulpit, was in a vulnerable position. In 1918 he had accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church, a dignified old brownstone Gothic structure at the lower end of Fifth Avenue, where the brick and brownstone housefronts of the Age of Innocence have now almost all given way to fifteen-story apartment houses with automatic ice machines. He was installed as permanent special preacher, not as pastor, the latter title being retained by the veteran Dr. George Alexander. And during the first four years of his incumbency, the church swelled its membership and retained its calm.

AT THE MOMENT the struggle between Modernists and Fundamentalists was in abeyance, as far as the Presbyterians were concerned. In large cities, especially in New York, liberal ministers, mutually re-inforced, were letting their real opinions be known on evolution and miracles and the rest, but neither side was going out of its way to provoke the issue to a heresy trial. In this comparatively tranquil atmosphere Dr. Fosdick stood up one Sunday morning in the spring of 1922 and delivered a sermon entitled "Shall the Fundamentalists win?" Originally it had been written by request for a liberal Baptist paper, as a comment on a situation which was then crucial in the Baptist church. Having written it, he used it as a sermon.

"Just now," he asserted, "the Fundamentalists are giving us one of the worst exhibitions of bitter intolerance that the churches of this country have ever seen." Then he attacked in succession the plausibility of the Virgin Birth, the doctrine of literal inspiration of the Scriptures and the literal conception that Christ will come again "upon a heap of blazing clouds." It all sounds bromidic enough now, and even then it was far from new, but it had seldom been put forth from a pulpit in a less

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tactful manner. He also said: "If people must accept these interpretations or get out, then out of the Christian church would go some of the best Christian life and consecration of this generation."

For some months nobody paid any attention. Then it was obscurely noted in the papers that the Philadelphia Presbyterians had complained to the General Assembly about the character of the preaching in a certain New York pulpit. It was Dr. Clarence Edward McCartney, later elected Moderator, who inspired this move. When the General Assembly met in the spring of 1923, it edged around the matter unhappily. After incredible uproar, it merely ordered the Presbyteries, with a glance in the direction of New York, to see to it that their preaching henceforth accorded with Presbyterian doctrine. But New York, sunk deep in Modernism, hung stubbornly to its heretic through the succeeding year. It was a magnificent row, and as it unrolled on the front pages people remarked that religion was showing some of its old vitality. It couldn't last, however. At the next General Assembly, the Fundamentalists marshalled their forces and demanded that the doctor subscribe to the Presbyterian articles of faith, Virgin Birth included, or quit the First Presbyterian church. He quit. And there, after a few last desultory rumblings, the issue was allowed to expire.

It did so in a memorable manner. In March, 1925, almost three years after his first offense, Dr. Fosdick got up to preach his farewell sermon, under the most dramatic auspices possible in the Twentieth Century. Martyrdom affords the best of backgrounds for any preacher; but as burning at the stake, to the evident regret of his more pious opponents, was no longer in fashion, expulsion for heresy had to serve. So far as the magnification of Dr. Fosdick was concerned, it served admirably. "All my enemies have done," he said, "is to erect a sounding board behind me."

It added greatly to his impressiveness in these circumstances that he himself looked so entirely unimpressive. All that was visible in the pulpit was a smallish man, with a high forehead surmounted by bushy hair, and a mouth which was more generous than subtle. He had only two gestures for the occasion, neither of which could have been learned in a school of oratory. One was taking a firm grip with both hands on the collar of his gown, to which he attached himself frequently as though for support. The other gesture was an earnest bobbing forward from the waist to emphasize points. At the moment it seemed to his hearers as though the whole majestic pageantry of protest unrolled behind him when he exclaimed: "How respectable heretics do grow in the retrospect of history! . . . What pillars of orthodoxy John Knox and John Calvin now seem to be!" He summed up in the following words his own position and that of the church he was leaving:

A drawing by Harold S. Barbour

"These are the things we have stood for: tolerance; an inclusive church; the right to think religion through in modern terms; the abiding verities and experiences of the gospel. And these are right. . . . The future belongs to these things. Some day the whole church will swing round to them; take them for granted; wonder why they ever seemed new or strange; and what is the heresy of one generation will become the orthodoxy of the next."

Dr. Fosdick's liberal professions have been met with polite cynicism by the element known as Intelligentsia. Most of them, having suffered from too much church in childhood, now feel a distaste for the whole godly tribe,—and the doctor unmistakably belongs to it. He uses certain ministerial cliches; the word "moral," for instance, of which he is noticeably fond, and which the rest of the world has grown a little self-conscious about applying. And then there are other things,—a suggestion of something antiseptic about his good humor. One can imagine him, with no difficulty, talking about "good clean fun."

But what if he does have the mannerisms of a type? He may have belonged to the type originally, but something has pushed him far beyond it. As a young man he was rather prone to righteousness, and the wisdom of sparing the labels "good" and "bad" was not native to him. Instead it was a lesson to be laboriously learned, but he did learn it. He happened to speak to the writer about one of the first psychiatric problems that he encountered in his confessional, and he said: "Of course I knew better than to treat it in a *moral* light—"

He has come out vehemently for birth control, as Outlook readers will recall, although valiantly conceding that the information is "dangerous." When he can't rid himself of a professional prejudice, as in the case of prohibition, he rationalizes it admirably. It is unnecessary to point out that the foregoing sentence was written by a wet. But since it is quite impossible to write of prohibition without bias one way or the other, let us consider Dr. Fosdick frankly from the wet standpoint. There is ground for believing that his conclusions about the Volstead act are not wholly impartial. With the most beguiling reasonableness, he admits the desirability of changing the law,—so long as the proposition remains general. But let any one advocate a particular change, and he is up in arms. He quotes a few testimonials about the decrease of drinking in the colleges: "I am certain that this represents the overwhelming majority of those who speak with authoritative knowledge." Or he speaks about the decreased consumption of alcohol in the nation as a whole: "as

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unprejudiced an investigation as I know reports—"

In a sermon preached a year ago he himself supplied the explanation for his stand. "Multitudes of ministers . . . went out into the pastorate and found that everything we worked for was fought by the saloon. From the allurement of young boys by free drinks so that they might be future customers, to the systematic corruption of local state governments by organized bribery, the saloon was for everything we were against and against everything we were for."

He is a Baptist by inheritance. He was brought up in a devout home in Buffalo, New York, where his father, Frank S. Fosdick, retired a few years ago as principal of one of the high schools. The old gentleman is a Latin and Greek scholar and a staunchly pious man, but he was far from being the formidable parent which that might lead one to suppose. On the contrary, the Fosdick family shared all sorts of interests, and had a very good time together, and the children grew up in a stimulating atmosphere of books and conversation. Harry Emerson had a sister, since become a teacher in Kobe College, Japan, and a young brother, Raymond B., who is now special counsel to the Rockefeller interests. With the bounding enthusiasms which seem to be characteristic of the family, father, mother and offspring engaged in dinner table discussions of books, religion, politics and art.

IN 1900 Harry was graduated from Colgate University in Hamilton, New York. It was while a student there that he made the momentous discovery of his belief in evolution. Having written home to cast a bomb into the family circle with this news, he found it something of a set-back to open his father's reply and read: "Dear Harry: I believed in evolution before you were born."

From Colgate he went to Union Theological Seminary, where he took his degree of B. D. in June, 1904, and a D. D. ten years later. As an undergraduate he was a vocal young man who left quite a dent in the academic surroundings. He was a Phi Beta Kappa, a giant in the debating society, and editor of the college paper. There is something charmingly appropriate in the fact that he was also cheer leader. He decided in college that he wanted to be a minister, or as he put it more grandly, he wanted "to make a contribution to the religious life of his generation." He now finds this quite funny, and he recalls, too, that he fancied himself considerably as a daring thinker, and had serious doubts whether any church would be courageous enough to take him on.

In due time, however, he was received quite calmly as assistant pastor by the Madison Avenue Baptist church in New York, and a few months later he accepted a call to Montclair, New Jersey. For the next few years he was very much the conventional young divine. In 1911, for example, we find him leading the Montclair women's clubs against a threatened invasion by motion picture shows. Montclair so far had been unsullied by the cinema. A few weeks later he was engaged in a campaign to extirpate the sin of gambling, in the form of bridge, which flourished in Montclair homes. One year he joined four other ministers in a gymnasium class, to keep body as well as soul in trim. A New York newspaper printed the item, under the demure headline, "Five Muscular Christians."

HIS INCLINATION to moral hygiene, however, was soon dwarfed by a growth in another direction. Already his reputation was beginning to spread, not only as a preacher of unusual ability, but also as one of notably liberal views. By 1908 he had been offered a position outside his church, as instructor in homiletics in the notoriously broad-minded seminary which had graduated him, and in the years that followed he was invited often to address gatherings of college students far afield from Montclair. In 1915, after eleven years as Baptist pastor in the New Jersey town, he left to become professor of practical theology at Union seminary. Since that time the gray stone buildings at 120th street and Broadway have been his only permanent headquarters. He lives in one of the faculty apartments overlooking the green quadrangle, and one of his stipulations when the new four-million-dollar church was begun was that it should be uptown, near the seminary. His wife, who was Florence Whitney, is a lovely person. If the Fosdick presence is noted for any one thing it is buoyant optimism; an air of having just come from a good breakfast, spiritually speaking. And the credit for no small share of this is laid at Mrs. Fosdick's door. They have two daughters, aged seventeen and fifteen, and the group has the same genius for family solidarity which was found in Harry Emerson's childhood home. When affairs permit they spend their summers on House Island, off the Maine coast, with Raymond B. Fosdick and two or three friends occupying the rest of the island.

If time has relaxed some of his Puritan conceptions, it is not hard to see why. He has followed, in the end, where his human sympathies have led him. There is no part of his work which he likes better than his confessional, and its name reflects his feeling that Protestantism made a mistake in releasing this personal hold on people. The institution developed quite spontaneously when he was attached to the First Presbyterian Church and, having no pastoral duties, decided to hold office hours for people with religious problems. He soon found that religious problems often reduced, upon a little probing, to personal ones, and that some of the latter were outside his province. From a psychiatrist friend he picked up the rudiments of psychiatric procedure, and enough groundwork so he could recognize the type of disturbance before him.

Now he works with seven or eight specialists in nervous diseases, sending his "cases" to one or the other of them as need arises. They do not all require professional attention but it may well be that in giving the right propulsion to those who do, Dr. Fosdick is doing his most valuable work.

Dr. Fosdick's most sensational episode has resulted, curiously enough, in giving the careless public a misleading conception of him. His fight with Fundamentalism, by which he is known to the average indifferent person, is to him purely incidental. What he is really trying to do, earnestly, energetically and always hopefully, is to reconcile religion with the modern world. Fundamentalism is a stumbling block in the path; therefore away with Fundamentalism. It is not so much Dr. Fosdick against Drs. McCartney and Straton; it is Dr. Fosdick against the material universe—a small figure with a bright sword, tilting at the vague, looming monsters of intellectual doubt.

Does science obliterate God by making him unnecessary? Assuming that God does exist, how is one to think of him? Thus he may be heard almost any Sunday, valiantly attempting to answer the unanswerable, and showing

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Lull Before the Marne

A Hospital Unit on the Western Front

By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

"The majority of men who die of wounds in war are not killed outright, nor do they die from the extent of their injuries," says the author. "They die in hospitals of infection." A lull before the heavy fighting of mid-July, 1918, gives Mr. Pottle an opportunity to write of the nature of wounds in the World War, of the deadly gas gangrene, and the technique of treatment. In the concluding part of this installment readers will also find a graphic description of hospital work at the front during a major engagement

IT IS THE common belief of people not conversant with medical history that the greatest advance made in the surgical treatment of wounds in this war as compared with that of previous times—for example, the Civil War—has been through the employment of anesthesia. I myself used to believe that the surgery of the Civil War was all done without anesthetics. As a matter of fact, both ether and chloroform were then known, and were generally used (chloroform much more frequently than ether), though I find in official reports opinions of prominent military surgeons who clearly considered them new-fangled and express doubt whether wounds do not heal more quickly when anesthesia is not employed. It is also incorrect to suppose that ether has done away with all pain in war surgery. Present-day operative technique of infected gunshot wounds requires very radical excision of tissue; that is, the wounds to be dressed after operation now present much greater areas than they used to, and must consequently be more painful. I never worked in the wards, but it is my belief that in our hospital anesthetics were seldom employed for the dressing of wounds. At any rate, I know that the period in the morning when the surgeon came in to dress wounds was a terrible one both for patients and orderlies.

One of the greatest advantages of ether does not concern the feelings of the patient at all. It renders him completely inert, and thus enables the surgeon to work more slowly and thoroughly, and with more thought for the final outcome. Before anesthetics were discovered, amputations had to be made with a few quick slashes with a knife and cuts with a saw; now a surgeon can take time for proper dissection, with his attention not merely on the present emergency of saving the patient's life, but definitely looking forward to the future usefulness of his body and limbs. But important as was the discovery of anesthesia, it was of infinitely less moment than the aseptic technique which came to us through the work of Lister and Pasteur. When we remember that the surgeons of the Civil War knew nothing about bacteria and the nature of infection, we should marvel that they did as well as they did. For the majority of men who die of wounds in war are not killed outright, nor do they die from the extent of their injuries. They die in hospitals of infection. Our percentage of death from gunshot wounds in the Civil War 13.65, in the World War, 8.12. This gain in efficiency (nothing less than the saving of five more men out of every hundred) was almost wholly due to the development of the aseptic and antiseptic technique.

And it was a greater gain than at first appears, for without it the percentage of deaths from infections in this war would have been higher than in the Civil War, because the wounds were generally more dangerously infected, and were of a type more favorable to the development of infection. The majority of the wounds in the Civil War were made by the rifle bullets, bayonets, or solid cannon shot. A wound from a modern high-power rifle, if it does not kill a man outright by piercing a vital organ, is in general not dangerous nor difficult to treat. When a bullet has gone a few hundred yards, it is traveling in a perfectly even trajectory, without wabbling, and, when it strikes a solid object, it drills a tiny clean hole through it. It may even go through a large bone without completely fracturing it. It carries with it no dirt nor pieces of the soldier's clothing. If a bullet had drilled a clean wound through a fleshy part of the body (such as the calf of the leg), and no inflammation appeared, we ordinarily did nothing to it at all, but simply painted the orifices with iodine and put on a dry dressing. In a few days it would heal without any attention. I remember one remarkable case of a man who walked into the operating room without help. A bullet had gone clear through the front part of his head from one cheek bone to the other, below the eyes and above the teeth. There proved to be nothing for us to do at all. The wound was clean and healing of itself. He walked out again, and in a short time must have been able to report back to his company for duty at the front. So, too, a bayonet would be likely to make a clean wound, which, if it did not kill a man outright, would probably not make much trouble. It is hard to say, for we had almost no experience with the treatment of bayonet wounds. Of the hundreds of cases which I recorded myself, I remember but one bayonet wound, and that was accidentally inflicted. I suppose the man who was unlucky enough to be wounded with a bayonet was usually finished on the spot. But I suspect that, except for a brief period during the summer of 1918, the Germans were not near enough to our men for much hand-to-hand fighting with bayonets. For that matter, we had comparatively few bullet wounds to treat. Those we did receive were almost always made by machine guns, which shoot the same ammunition as the ordinary rifle. In the old days rifle fire must have furnished the great majority of the wounds treated in army hospitals; now the number of such wounds is almost negligible. Many men were wounded by machine gun fire, but such men seldom came back to us. The machine gun is a diabolical invention. It shoots so rapidly that a man is not often wounded with merely one bullet. If he is hit at all, he is likely to be riddled. The machine-gun operators aimed low; if they hit a man in the legs, he fell, and then they had a chance of hitting him again in the abdomen, chest, or head. I remember one of our wounded men telling of seeing the body of a comrade who had eight machine-gun bullet wounds in an absolutely straight

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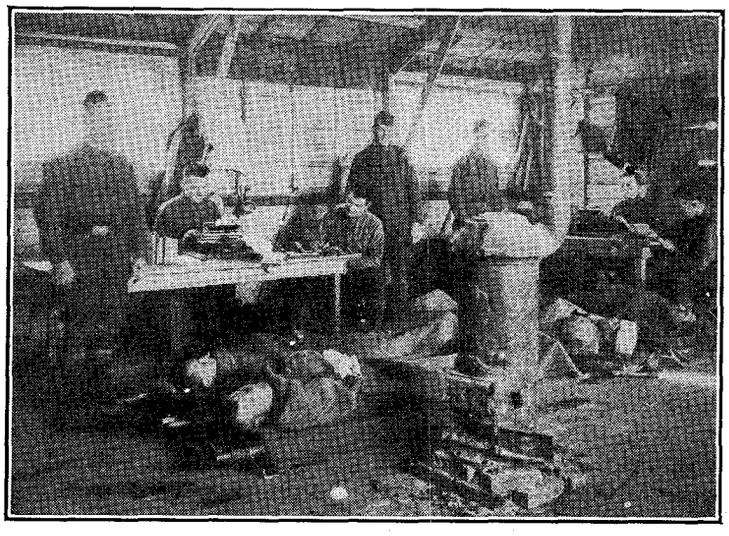
line across his chest. But to return to the Civil War. As the majority of wounds then were made by rifle bullets, bayonets, and solid shot, they must have been, as compared with those we had to treat, fairly clean and easy to care for. Yet the wounded died in hospitals in appalling numbers. The sad truth was that the hospitals themselves were seminaries of contagion which spread virulent infections from infected wounded to clean ones. "Hospital gangrene," as it was called, sometimes swept off most of the patients in a hospital. Walt Whitman's *The Dresser* contains graphic pictures of extensive personal experience in the treatment of wounds in army hospitals during the Civil War, and should be read in comparison with the methods I shall describe.

The vast majority of wounds in this war were made by fragments of metal shell-castings containing a charge of high explosive. Solid cannon shot are now entirely disused. The modern "cannon ball" is a long, tapering, beautifully finished steel mechanism shaped something like a squatty cigar, and ranging from an inch in diameter up to great things a foot or more through at the base and three or four feet long. The favorite gun of the Allies, the famous "75," had a bore of seventy-five millimeters, almost exactly three inches. These missiles are fired from brass shells, shaped very much like rifle cartridges. The interior of the projectile is hollow, and filled with a quantity of an explosive sufficiently inert to bear the shock of propulsion from the gun, but which will explode with terrific force when detonated by a cap in the tip. The object of the artillery is not to score direct hits. They send the projectiles over in steep parabolas, striking the ground at an angle. As the shells plunge into the earth, the cap explodes and detonates the high explosive, which blows the casing into fragments ranging in size from bits as large as the head of a pin up to chunks that would weigh a pound. These are blown up in all directions from the ground, or from beneath its surface, carrying with them quantities of dirt. Their velocity is low as compared with that of rifle bullets. They are quite easily stopped by a steel helmet, or even by an aluminum identification tag. They do not bore a clean hole, for they are not whirling like bullets. But they have sufficient velocity to drive deep into the soft flesh of the human body, carrying with them dirt, and usually a large wad of the soldier's clothing. If they strike a bone they ordinarily shatter it, but they seldom have velocity enough to carry them all the way through a limb. Consequently, the typical wound with which we had to deal was a so-called "bottle-wound;" that is, a deep jagged lesion with pieces of metal, cloth, bone fragments, and dirt embedded in it. If it was in a fleshy part (such as the calf, thigh, buttock, or upper arm), the flesh tended to close behind the missile, shutting off the interior of the wound completely from the air.



Receiving ward, Petit Maujouy

Now this is precisely the type of wound in which two dreadful infections flourish best. The first is tetanus or lockjaw, with which civilians are sufficiently acquainted. But tetanus has ceased to be much consequence in war since the discovery of the antitetanic serum. If a wounded man is given the serum immediately after he is wounded, he rarely has tetanus. At the first-aid station the invariable practice was to administer "A. T. S.," no matter how slight the injury. Among all the thousands of wounded who went through our hospital, we had only two or three authentic deaths from tetanus. In one of these cases, the patient, through an accident, was not given the serum at the first-aid station, and when the symptoms of the disease were recognized it was too late to save him. A greater and more successful enemy than tetanus was gas infection. Civilians, I find, and even men who were wounded, have highly erroneous ideas as to the nature of gas gangrene. They think it was a condition induced somehow by the German poison gas. Of course, it had nothing to do with gas warfare. It was caused, like tetanus, by a germ, or rather a group of germs, the best known of which is a bacterium, isolated some time before the War by Doctor Welch of Johns Hopkins, and for him called "Welch bacillus," or sometimes "bacillus aerogenes capsulatus" (the capsulated, gas-producing bacillus). Cases of it occur in civilian practice, but very rarely, for two reasons. The first is that civilian wounds are seldom of the type in which the gas infection can develop, even if it is present, and the second is that civilian wounds usually receive such prompt attention that gas infection is not allowed to get a start. The infection is not difficult to destroy if one can get at the wound in time.

The gas bacillus is an "anaerobic" organism. That is, it can multiply only in the absence of air. A favorite habitat of the bacillus is soil which has been heavily fertilized with animal manure. This was precisely the sort of soil in which the fighting in France was carried on. The trenches were dug in fertilized fields, and in such fields the shells burst, picking up the infection and carrying it with them. The jagged fragments of shrapnel made wounds highly favorable to its growth. The progress of the infection naturally varied a good deal, but it generally worked with frightful rapidity. By a process somewhat similar to that of fermentation it breaks down the sugar of the tissue, producing large volumes of carbon dioxide gas. This collects under the skin in bubbles, which in an advanced stage of the infection can be distinctly felt by passing the hand over the surface. As one applies pressure, the bubbles shift, and one can even hear them crackle. The pressure of the gas bubbles mechanically shuts off the circulation, and gangrene results. The tissue is at once attacked by various putrefactive organisms, which, rather than the gas infection, give off the hor-

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rible odor characteristic of its presence. Once started, the infection may spread so rapidly up the muscle bundles that death from gas ganagrene of an entire limb has been known to result in only sixteen hours from the time of injury. It will therefore be seen how important speed was in the treatment of our wounded men, for practically all the wounds made by shell fragments had the gas infection.

I have already described at length what the operative technique of an evacution hospital looked like to a layman. But it remains to add a word as to the theory underlying that technique, and to describe the postoperative treatment. We used to sum up the operative procedure by the French term *debridement,* which meant nothing more or less than the removal with knife and scissors of all the tissue affected by the missile or by infection. The surgeon simply started from outside the wound and cut until healthy muscle was exposed in every direction. This often made very sad looking chasms, particularly when the wounds were in the thigh as so many of them were. An evacuation hospital naturally had a larger percentage of such large wounds than a base. Toward the end of the War, I believe successful results were being obtained through radical excision alone, by making it so thorough and careful that the wound was "clean" after the operation, and could be at once closed. But with us, this radical excision seldom or never proved enough by itself. The opening of the wound stopped the growth of the gas infection so far as the air could reach, but in the interior there were pretty certain to be closed pockets where it could continue to thrive especially if combined (as it always was) with aerobic organisms, particularly staphylococci and streptococci, which formed with it a sort of mutual protective league. These would use up the oxygen which inhibited the gas bacillus, and then the gas bacillus would begin to multiply. The streptococci themselves, though much less rapid in their action than the gas bacilli, were almost as fatal if not eradicated.

The second stage of the treatment consisted in the irrigation of the wound with a solution capable of destroying both the aerobic and the anaerobic organisms. Dr. Henry D. Dakin, an English scientist who for some time had made his home in America, working at the laboratories established at Compiegne by the Rockeller Foundation, invented the antiseptic solution, and Dr. Alexis Carrel, the famous Franco-American surgeon, devised the operative technique. Hence the method, which was used by all the Allied armies, was properly called the Carrel-Dakin method. I have already described how rubber tubes were inserted into the wounds after operation, the ends being brought out through the bandage, and fastened with safety pins. After the patient had been carried to the ward, the Dakin solution was forced into the tubes every two hours, keeping the whole interior surface of the wound continuously drenched with fresh antiseptic. When the man was to remain in our hospital some time, the tube ends were joined by glass couplings to one large rubber tube, like that of a fountain syringe, which connected with a glass reservoir hung over the bed. When the clip on the large tube was opened, the solution flowed into all the small tubes. When the men were to be evacuated so soon as to make this elaborate equipment unfeasible, the nurse or attendant simply injected a small quantity into each tube separately with a bulb syringe.

The first effect of seeing these radical methods of excision was to fill the uninitiated with dismay. "How can such extensive wounds ever be closed?" they asked. "What good will such a mangled body ever be?" Could they have seen the whole process, they would have thought the final results little short of miraculous. The wounds after operation were never closed with sutures, but left wide open, protected by the dressings. Cultures were taken daily and sent to the laboratory. When the bacterial count showed that the antiseptic had swept out the infection, the wound was closed with sutures, and healed promptly, like a clean cut, leaving only the narrowest and firmest line of scar tissue. The removal of so much tissue was not so serious as one would have supposed. Muscle shows remarkable power of repair. If the whole middle part ("the belly," as surgeons say) of a muscle were removed, it would fill in with scar tissue, and the use of that particular muscle would be lost. But this seldom happened in practice. It was usually possible to leave one edge or the other of the muscle, so that even if a portion were replaced by scar tissue, the function would be largely retained. In the great majority of cases, the man recovered with a perfectly sound and useful limb.

Of the final stages in the treatment of wounds by the Carrel-Dakin method we saw very little. Our function was to perform definitive surgical treatment and then get the men as soon as possible back to the base hospitals for convalescence. Some men left us before they came out of the ether; some stayed with us a day or two; some a week; some few, still longer. At Evacuation Eight they were loaded aboard ambulances and carried back—to Paris when we were at Juilly; to Souilly, the railhead, when we were at Petit Maujouy—and there put aboard hospital trains and rushed down to the base hospitals in the middle and south of France. For most of them, probably, the long weeks at the base obliterated all memory of their brief stay with us. Yet those few hours with us were terribly significant.

I shall describe the care of the wounded in the great Marne battles of the summer of 1918, by means of a letter written by a member of the company who was not at Juilly, but on detached service at Coulommiers. I do this because this letter, which he wrote on his return, is fuller and more graphic than anything which I have describing the work at Evacuation Eight. Much of it is intensely personal, and in no way a history of the experience of the whole company, but in tone and atmosphere it is representative. And it seems to me that this elusive inner core of experience is more important in our record than the bare outward details of chronology.

" . . . . I was sent on detached service with a surgical team to a hospital nearer the front. There were two teams of us—four surgeons, four nurses, another enlisted man, and myself. I was ill with a severe attack of tonsilitis at the time, but, as I thought I might get nearer the front, I said nothing about it, but rolled my pack and reported to go. We traveled about thirty kilometers in a Ford ambulance, leaving about supper time. I wish you could see these French roads. They are broad, hard, and straight, generally provided with a curb, white, always clean, and always lined with evenly spaced rows of symmetrical pollarded trees—sycamores, horse chestnuts, or lindens. We had hardly started when we ran into what seemed like an endless line of trucks filled with soldiers headed for the front, an unbroken procession of huge Army camions stretching back for miles, each one about thirty feet behind the one in front. (This was the Second

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The Trend of Events

Judge Barnhill

IT IS NOT sympathy for Communism that makes Judge Maurice Victor Barnhill insist on fair play for the strike leaders who are on trial for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt. He hates Communism. Nevertheless, he excludes all discussion of the defendants' views on government and religion. Moreover, when Gastonia's prejudice against them became manifest, he moved the court to Charlotte.

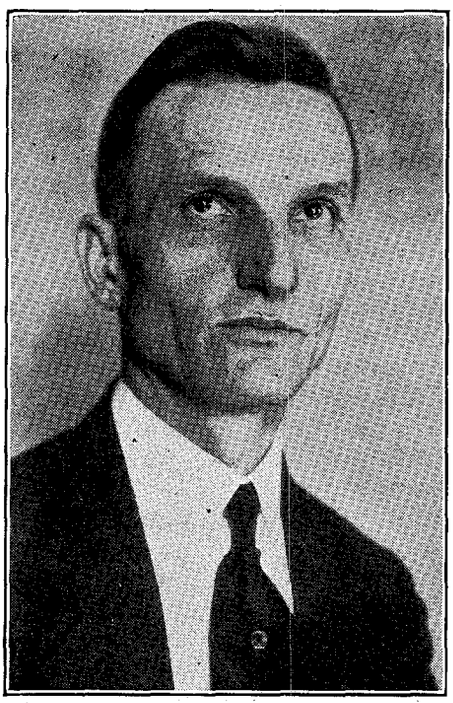
He has been called a liberal. He does not dissent; to him liberalism means justice. Yet he devotes little thought to abstract concepts. He is a judge, not a philosopher. He denies that he owes his viewpoint to family, education, or environment. With good reason. He was born forty-two years ago in a county in which the Negro population is heavy and the anti-Negro prejudice strong. Though his mother was a Dawes, his parents were small farmers, not broad-acred planters. He went to North Carolina's public schools when they were among the worst in the Nation.

He mixed law with liberal arts at the University of North Carolina ten years before that institution was known North of the Dan or South of the Pee Dee River. He opened a law practice in Raleigh, the State Capital, but returned to his boyhood home at Rocky Mount within the year. He became a railroad attorney, county solicitor, and county judge. In 1921, he went to the Legislature for a single term. Two years later Governor Morrison placed him on the bench of the Superior Court.

How, then, explain him? "Wellsa," he says, "I reckon I'm just naturally that way."

The State spotlight first caught him in 1927 when Governor McLean ordered him into the Wilkes County mountains to try a case involving bribery by county officers. The threatened political influence evaporated upon his arrival. One official is still serving in the State penitentiary. Early this year he came before the national spotlight by ruling that bus companies operating over State highways must provide equal accommodations for Negroes. He is the only judge to twist a Jim Crow law for the Negro's benefit.

He has used airplanes to visit his wife on week-ends. She saves every newspaper and magazine clipping bearing his name. He plays with children in the hotel lobby, takes one on his knee, gives another the flower from his buttonhole. He is friendly and unpretentious. He lights a cigarette as soon as court adjourns. He



Acme

IMPARTIAL
Presiding over the Gastonia case, Judge Barnhill has attracted national attention

carefully explains fine legal points for newspaper men and orders a stenographer to make them carbons of his rulings. Late one night they telephoned and asked for a conference, expecting to be received for a few moments.

"All right," he said, "I'll come right over."

Mild, cool, level-headed, he looks like Lincoln. He wears no robes and needs none to add to his dignity.

Jury Shadowing

As Harry F. Sinclair apparently sees it, a cruel mistake was made when his head was encircled with a crown of thorns, rather than a halo. Sentenced for contempt of the Senate merely because he refused to answer what his lawyers told him were improper questions, he was sentenced for contempt of court simply because he had jurors who were trying him placed under observation. Moreover: "My Government drove a hard bargain with me over an oil lease on public lands and then accused me of attempting to defraud the Government." Here he has been suffering the pains of imprisonment—when not motoring to and from that clinic at the Washington wharves—and yet he hasn't done anything. Naturally, he is "confident of final vindication."

The self-portrait in Mr. Sinclair's statements to stockholders and to the general public is, conceivably, somewhat over-sympathetic. A few of his assertions, however, demand attention. He had the jurors put under surveillance, he says, only because of the conviction that attempts would be made to influence them against him. Attempts made by whom? Just what, if anything, does the vague hint signify?

Having the jurors shadowed, he adds, he did "something that Government prosecutors, as well as defendants, have done for years." It did not violate a law or a rule of the courts. It should, of course, specifically do both. If it does not, the country has Mr. Sinclair to thank for directing its attention to a hole which needs plugging up.

Mr. Sinclair mentions affidavits by former employees of the Federal Intelligence Service showing that jury shadowing "was a usual practice by the United States Attorneys throughout the country, with the approval of the Attorney General and the knowledge of the judges." These statements are striking. It is an incongruous situation indeed if Federal courts and prosecutors cannot trust the integrity of jurors who are trusted to pass on liberties and even lives. If the jury system cannot function properly without jury shadowing, whether by defense or prosecution, it cannot function properly at all.

Wetness of Washington

Senator Brookhart may not be invited out much this winter. He tells on his host. Three years ago, he went

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to a party given to newly elected and re-elected Senators at the New Willard Hotel by a Wall Street broker named Fahy. Versed in the social traditions of Washington, Iowa, he was floored by those of Washington, D. C. Why, he told the Senate, they had flasks of liquor under the table, and all a fellow had to do was reach down and get one and put it in his hip-pocket. Senator Smoot of Utah was there, he added, but he didn't get any liquor. Senator Smoot, on his feet at once, emphasized that he got none whatever, if, indeed, he was present at all. "I have never been to any place," he declared, "where I have seen any drinking." (Applause.)

The Brookhart revelations were inspired by the argument between Senator Howell and President Hoover over prohibition enforcement. Senator Howell had declared that prohibition was not being enforced in the District because the will to enforce it was lacking. He reminded the President that he had the power to execute the law if he chose to exercise it. Meeting the challenge, Mr. Hoover declared that he intended Washington to be a model of enforcement, and invited the Senator to lay specific charges before District authorities. Although Senator Howell complained that the President was unfair in asking a Senator for detailed information, he promptly did his best. He dug into departmental files for the report concerning violations at the Carlton Club almost three years ago; he told of the transportation of liquor from Baltimore to the Siamese Legation last Spring; he read a yellowed newspaper clipping, all about alcoholic orgies in the National Capitol last year.

If Senator Howell was embarrassed in being called upon for facts, the President may be even more embarrassed in fulfilling his pledge to make Washington a model. Last year, 21,000 gallons of whisky were seized in Washington, besides 19,000 gallons of beer and various quantities of other intoxicants. Yet no one believes that the police got nearly all there was to get. The supreme authority in Washington, as Senator Howell says, the President has assumed an obligation he may wish he had never taken on, even if he engages Smedley D. Butler, as the Senator suggests. Brigadier General Butler, it may be recalled, was going to dry up Philadelphia not so long ago. He didn't.

▸▸*Lobbying*

OUT OF THE SHEARER INVESTIGATION came a demand for investigation of lobbying last year in behalf of the Jones-White merchant marine act; out of this came a demand for investigation of lobbying in general, and out of this came a demand for the passage of the Caraway bill. Senator Brookhart's call for an investigation of the "social lobby" apparently evolved partly from the Shearer investigation and partly from his recollections of that dinner which Senator Smoot got no liquor at, if he attended it at all.

Wide World

STARTED IT

Senator Howell of Nebraska who urged President Hoover to dry up Washington

Senator Shortridge, Chairman of the Committee investigating the Shearer affair, is among those who support the Caraway bill. This measure, to be pressed in the regular session of Congress, forces all lobbyists to register with the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House, and to report to these officials what they spend in conducting their work, and how they spend it. It describes as a lobbyist any one who attempts to influence legislation by Congress. Lobbying it defines as any effort to influence the action of Congress, whether by distributing literature, by appearing before committees, by interviewing individual members, or "by any other means." The definitions are a bit broad. Apparently they would stamp as a lobbyist any civic-minded citizen who telegraphed his Congressman to plug for a new and more splendid post-office.

That defect can easily be remedied. Essentially, the bill is sound. That Washington is ridden with avowed lobbyists every one knows. They have a perfect right to be there, even to be there in such numbers that Frank Kent, making a list of them for the Baltimore *Sun*, produced a column and a half of type. But as another seasoned political correspondent, Mark Sullivan, points out, these are only a fraction of the whole. "The greater number of the lobbyists and propagandists—and these are the most effective ones—either do not set out their businesses on their office doors or else they describe their business as something different from what it is." The Caraway bill is aimed directly at these gentry, and they are fair game. The issue is simply one of secret versus open lobbying. No one wants to drive avowed lobbyists out of Washington. A great many people want to drive undercover lobbyists out of hiding.

▸▸*How to Treat a Premier*

IF YOU THINK it was an easy matter to arrange a program for the MacDonald visit, you don't know your official Washington. To synchronize the American and British draft programs took a solemn, laborious fortnight. In his thirties, and younger than most Britons who have attained rank as Counselor of Embassy, Ronald Ian Campbell swung his blackthorn stick thoughtfully as he paced from the British Embassy to the State Department. Arriving, he plunged into conference with James Theodore Marriner, Chief of the Department's Division of Western European Affairs.

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The President, Marriner would say, suggested thus and so for the Premier's consideration. The Premier, Campbell would reply, had considered an earlier suggestion by the President and found it good. Engagement by engagement, the program was fitted together, and torn apart, and fitted together again—a lunch here, a dinner there, a reception in between. Finally, all was ready. It remained only for Premier MacDonald to ride around town behind a motorcycle escort, trying to keep a score of engagements in six days. Replete with silk-hat occasions, the program did manage to save a week-end for communion between the guest and his White House host.

With the completion of the program, Marriner's work was finished and the responsible American official became James Clement Dunn, Chief of the State Department's Division of International Conferences and Protocols, the principal ceremonial officer of the United States Government. To Campbell was given the task of producing the Prime Minister at the hour and place specified on the State Department's mimeographed schedule, to Dunn the task of having the proper place ready at the proper time.

It was decided to have Secretary of State Stimson and British Ambassador Howard escort the Prime Minister from New York, and to have the party met in Washington by one Under Secretary of State, four Assistant Secretaries, one Presidential Secretary, a squad of Presidential aides, the staff of the British Embassy, and Marriner and Dunn. It was decided to have it about like that right along, that being the bang-up way to have it. It was also decided that, when appropriate, there should be an escort of cavalry.

▸▸*Child Marriage*

THERE WAS CHEERING in the Legislative Assembly of India when a bill was passed raising the age of consummation of child marriage to 14. There was also protest; a group of Moslem members arose and walked out. This suggests the status of the measure intended to do away with the evils of child marriage in India.

That the bill would become law was assured as soon as the Assembly acted. But there is already a law, passed in 1924, which sets the age of consummation at 13 years. In 1892, the age was fixed at 12 years. Nevertheless, orthodox Hindus have calmly continued to marry children according to their scriptures which, declares Professor Phadke, author of *Sex Problems in India,* read: "He who offers a Gouri [a girl of eight] in marriage attains heaven, the giver of a Rohini [a girl of nine] Vaekuntha [a higher heaven.] The giver of a Kanya [a girl who has reached the tenth year] is given a place in Brahm Loka [the highest heaven], and the giver of a mature woman is condemned to hell." Legislation, clashing with religious belief, has been ignored.

It will probably continue to be ignored to a large extent, in the opinion of Harry Field, author of *After Mother India.* Mr. Field points out that the new law is, at best, but an expression of a desire some day to abolish the immemorial Hindu custom, that it amounts, in effect, to declaring the patient cured in the hope that he soon will be. It is true that, owing to growing pressure of foreign criticism, summed up in Katherine Mayo's *Mother India,* as well as to an investigation by a committee appointed in 1927 by the Indian Government, the subject has of late received unprecedented airing. Several Indian leaders, including some who before 1926 favored child marriage, have accepted the Western attitude toward girlhood. But the attitude and religious ideals of the masses, especially in rural districts, remain unchanged, and legislation is not likely to have much effect upon them.

The Government's program is to build up public opinion through education; it can only be carried out gradually. Meanwhile what appears to be a decisive step in the right direction for India remains merely another law on the books.

Stratford Company, Publishers

THE DEVIL ON BROADWAY
Jacket design for new book by Dr. John Roach Straton

▸▸*Straton vs. Satan*

IN HIS NEW BOOK, *Fighting the Devil in Modern Babylon,* Dr. John Roach Straton describes some of the major engagements in his war on Satan. He believes in a personal Devil, "very polite and 'cultured' and suave and 'learned' . . . a past master in Bridge Whist and the 'Bunny Hug'," but nevertheless directly responsible for all the vice, crime, and religious skepticism of the modern world. The present volume sums up Dr. Straton's attacks on dancing, the movies, the theatre, prize fighting, and worldliness in general.

The modern dance, he says, is the dance of death. On a tour of inspec-

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tion through New York's dance halls, he found dancing to be "indecent," "erotic," and "sex-inciting." Young women, held in the conventional manner, experience a weakening of the "barriers of maidenly modesty and womanly reserve;" he doubts that young men so holding them "have nothing stronger than Sunday School maxims running through their minds." Indeed he has, and appears to credit, the estimate of a former dancing teacher that of 200 prostitutes in Los Angeles 163 were ruined by dancing school and the ball room.

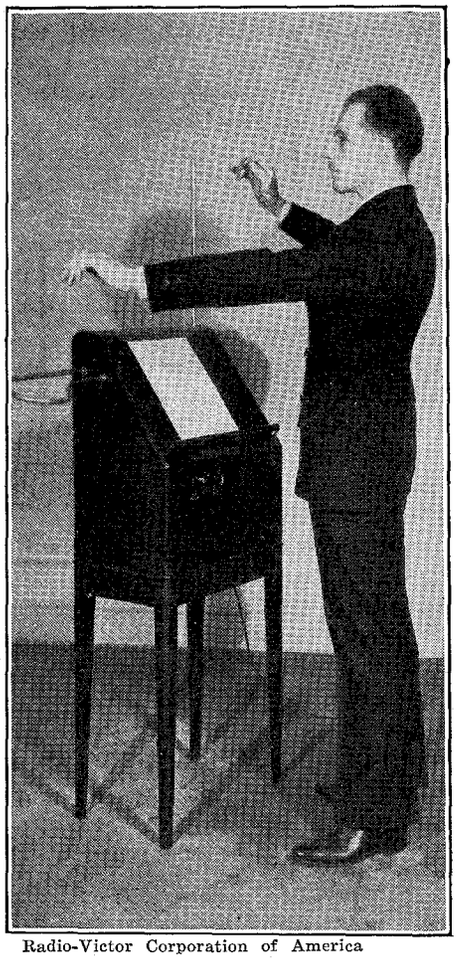
The modern theatre is no better. Refusing to speak in appreciation of war work by actors and actresses, Dr. Straton delivered a resounding indictment of the theatre as a "covetous, Mammon-worshipping, money seeking institution," appealing to the "lower instincts of the race," and "deliberately violating the Sabbath." The names of actors and actresses, he says, "were it not for their so-called 'art', would be a by-word and a stench in the nostrils of all good people." As to what goes on behind the scenes, he has the word of an actress "It is hell, sir!"

Covering that "moral carbuncle," the Dempsey-Carpentier bout, for a newspaper syndicate, Dr. Straton discovered that "the poison from all over the land drained to that huge amphitheatre." In no uncertain terms he rebukes those women whom he saw, "sitting at a ringside watching and applauding two practically naked men pounding and bruising each other," in an orgy which means "degeneration and death for our modern society," and which was attended by "the gamblers and the horse racers and the touts, the 'light-houses', the pimps and the prostitutes, the home neglectors, the baby killers, and the pug-dog nurses, the burglars, the pick-pockets, and the strong arm men."

Fighting the Devil in Modern Babylon will be followed by three more books, dealing with atheism, modernism, and the break-up of the Solid South. As Dr. Straton estimates his newspaper audience at twenty-five or thirty millions, *Fighting the Devil* should have a heavy sale. It deserves to have. It is important that the country be given opportunity to learn, and calmly to weigh, the ideas of this popular Fundamentalist leader. The group he speaks for is large and it has a pronounced influence on American laws and customs.

▶▶The Theremin

NOW THAT NEARLY EVERY HOUSEHOLD has a radio, comes the Theremin to make prestidigitators of us all. Not so long ago, it got around that a Russian, named Theremin, could produce music out of the ether merely by waving his hands. Presently, thanks to modern business acumen, small mahogany boxes with two rods, or antennae, one straight and vertical, the other looped and horizontal, will be for sale at the price of a good radio, and the nights will be filled with "ether-wave" music.



Radio-Victor Corporation of America

"ETHER-WAVE" INSTRUMENT
The Theremin and Professor Theremin, the latter playing the former

Mechanically, the Theremin (accent on the first syllable) is likely to bring a baffled look to the face of the layman. Inside the box two oscillating circuits produce a heterodyne beat note, controlled by the position of the player's hand in the sensitive electrical field surrounding the vertical antenna. The sounds are passed through a loudspeaker. What visibly goes on is that the player plugs the instrument into the light socket, turns a knob, and stands pawing the air before the rods.

The vertical rod regulates the melody. The high tones are nearest it; to descend the scale the player moves his right hand toward himself. The secret of producing a tune, therefore, lies in learning to gauge the distance measured in air, between notes. The horizontal antenna controls the volume, which increases as the hand is drawn away from it. An undulating motion of the right hand gives a tremolo effect and prevents the note from becoming harsh. Making its commercial debut at the Radio World's Fair in New York, the instrument was played with piano accompaniment. In tone it has been compared to a human voice, a violin, and a cello.

Doubtless the Theremin will become popular. Its novelty, price, and the comparative ease with which it may be played indicate that. It is said that any one able to hum a tune may play it satisfactorily after brief practice, though its producers point out that serious performers may study it and improve continually. The question, then, is whether we are facing a new ukulele fad or a new era in music.

A new era, says Leopold Stowkowski, conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra. In a few years, he declares, we shall have entirely new methods of tone production by electrical means. With other leading musicians he points out that instruments like the Theremin will eliminate technical difficulties and long hours of practice. With electricity to do all the hard work, "the musician will give musicianship, interpretation, variety of tone color and tone volume, and all the non-material side of music." If this sounds too easy to be true, let's wait and see.

▶▶Flying "Blind"

SPEAKING OF MODERN INVENTIONS—Lieutenant Doolittle climbed into a small biplane the other day, adjusted a canvas covering over the cockpit, and took off with his eyes on his lighted instrument board. Absolutely "blind," depending solely on his instruments, he flew over a short course, faced around, and landed almost exactly where he left the ground. Fog can never be quite the same old enemy to aviators again.

The achievement, the first of its kind, was made possible by a new application of the radio beacon, by an improved instrument showing the plane's longitudinal and lateral position with relation to

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the ground, so that the flier need no longer depend on the horizon, and by a new directional gyroscope and a highly sensitive altimeter, indicating even heights of a few feet or thereabouts.

The new radio beacon is a short-range radio beam, transmitted from a ground station, which sets in motion two small reeds on the instrument board and tells the pilot whether he is flying true to his course, or how he is deviating from it. Its successful demonstration means greater safety, and helps to make the airplane an all-weather craft.

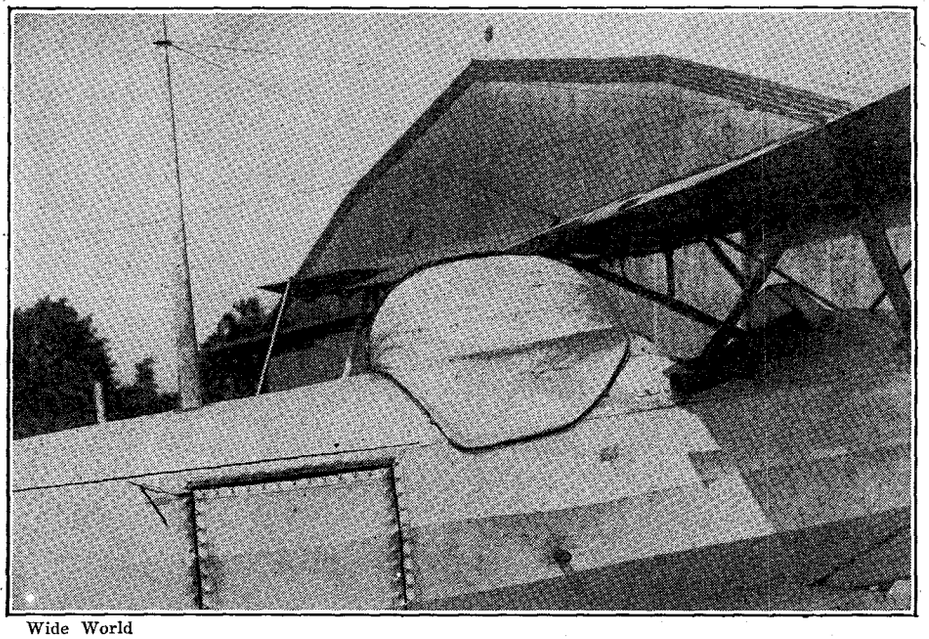
This does not signify that flying and landing in fog and darkness become immediately practicable. Lieutenant Doolittle is an exceptionally skilled pilot, and has himself been in charge of the laboratory of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, in which his instruments were developed. It is expected, however, that the devices will be put into service on mail airways, where they will receive the stiffest possible testing. If a solution to the blind flying puzzle can eventually be evolved from them, aviation will owe the Guggenheim Fund a heavy debt.

▶▶*Out for the Senate*

ANNOUNCING HER CANDIDACY for the Republican nomination for Senator, Congresswoman McCormick of Illinois confirms the worst fears of Senator Deneen, who wants to be Senator too. While she points out that, "obviously, a candidate runs for office because he wants the office," Mrs. McCormick has made franker statements than this. There was, for example, the time when she declared that, "as far as I know, nobody wants me to run," but that—the Coolidge statement was fresh then—"I choose to run for the Republican nomination for Congressman at large."

No candidacy, she now says, deserves to succeed "if actuated by any purpose involving political reprisal." Nevertheless, it would probably quicken her step to defeat Senator Deneen, who defeated her husband, the late Senator Medill McCormick. Forecasters grant her a reasonable chance of doing so, despite the fact that Deneen now rules the Illinois roost. She is practical, they maintain, and with truth. From her father, Mark Hanna, she learned that precincts are as important as policies and principles. "I was the first woman ward politician," she says. Despite her wealth, she knows how to fetch the man in overalls. She goes into battle swinging a hundred Women's Clubs, organized by herself. She is willing to chum politically with Big Bill Thompson when the chumming is profitable.

She makes a speech as nonchalantly as another woman makes a cake. She made her first speech for McKinley, at the age of sixteen. She made lots of them as a worker for woman suffrage. She made seven or eight a day as a candidate for Congress. She made one once at a cost of $12,000, the price of a special train to hurry her in an emergency from New York to Chicago.



Wide World

BLIND PLANE

In which Lieutenant Doolittle took off, flew fifteen miles and landed, depending solely on his instrument board

Underwood

MARK HANNA'S DAUGHTER

Ruth Hanna McCormick, of Illinois, candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator

Slim, smartly dressed, though not pretty, fond of her son and two daughters she may be, but she is also a director of the Holstein Friesian Association. She runs a 2200-acre farm at Byron, Illinois. She owns a newspaper at Rockford. She knows what she wants and she knows how to get it. Last year she got more votes in Illinois than any one else on her ticket. "I love a fight," she says, "and the stiffer the better."

A streak of independence runs through her. She fought for a child labor bill in Illinois when that sort of thing wasn't being done. She supports prohibition, but not to the satisfaction of the W. C. T. U. She followed Roosevelt off the reservation in 1912. No more of that, though. She opposed Hoover at the Kansas City convention. She doesn't oppose him now that he's President and leader of the party.

▶▶*The Money Rolls In*

CHEERFULLY LOOKING FORWARD to further reductions in taxes, the citizen might more reasonably thank Wall Street than Washington. The golden flood of revenue from the stock market, changing a threatened deficit into a brimming surplus in the fiscal year ended June 30, continues unabated. Receipts from income and profits taxes from June until September exceed those of the same months last year by $100,000,000. Since 1929 has been an even more prosperous year than 1928, some Treasury officials, anticipating a bumper surplus, have calculated that be-

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tween $200,000,000 and $300,000,000 may safely be sliced from the Nation's next tax bill.

While President Hoover will make no prediction until the budget estimates are completed for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1931, the Administration apparently finds itself in the lucky position of being able to afford tax reduction without having done much to earn it. Government expenditures promise to increase rather than decrease, although the President in June warned that tax reduction could not be considered without careful preparation. To be sure, ordinary expenditures have been reduced by $38,000,000. However, the elimination of needless bureaus and employes remains a dream. While naval reduction was held essential to tax reduction, the prospects are that the Government will have to build most of its fifteen contemplated cruisers and some besides. As yet the Farm Board has only dipped lightly into the Treasury, and flood relief expenditures have merely begun. Moreover, the President may soon lay before Congress his program for a system of internal waterways. Parsimony is not one of the Administration's characteristics.

Conditions which have created a prosperity without parallel may not continue forever, a thought which should guide the reduction; but the average taxpayer probably is willing to let tomorrow take care of itself, particularly when he knows that earned incomes promise to benefit heavily in the next revision. Public enthusiasm for tax reduction may, and should, have a sobering effect on the next Congress when it makes its appropriations.

Wilson's Unhappiness

PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN'S *The Psychology of Happiness* made Joseph P. Tumulty, formerly private secretary to Woodrow Wilson, very unhappy indeed. He was particularly distressed by the statement that "the first—and perhaps most poisonous—virus of [Wilson's] unhappiness was a constitutional infirmity which he struggled to hide and did hide with such cunning that the world has never suspected it." This information, the author adds, was disclosed to him confidentially; therefore he cannot give the infirmity a name.

Mr. Tumulty not only denied the truth of Professor Pitkin's statement, but called on him to identify his anonymous informant or "bear all the odium of this publication." Professor Pitkin has therefore declared his intention of submitting affidavits embodying the information to a group of scientists and editors, and asking their advice on what his next step should be. Meanwhile, he says that the infirmity was not serious. "It was the curse of Woodrow Wilson's career that he silently concealed and suffered over many little things which healthier men and women flaunt and take lightly."

Mr. Tumulty, however, denied more than one assertion. He denied that Wilson had "ghastly dyspepsia," or "terrible headaches," that he lost his friends, or that he had to take a two-hour rest in the middle of the day. "Does the Professor think," he asks, "that the Federal Reserve System could have been worked out by a man with terrible headaches and enduring the agonies of chronic dyspepsia?" Probably not. It might, however, have been worked out by a man suffering from a constitutional infirmity, even a major one. It was possible for Einstein to work out his relativity theory while suffering from a weak heart, for Stevenson to work out his intricate prose while suffering from consumption, for Beethoven to work out his colossal Ninth Symphony while stone deaf. Much of the world's great work has been done by sick men. Frequently there seems to be little relation between one's health and one's achievements or state of mind. Hopeless invalids are often great optimists. But why is Professor Pitkin so sure that Mr. Wilson's infirmity, granted that it existed, made him unhappy? Isn't the Professor backjumping a little too recklessly from effect to cause?

Remarkable Remarks

There is more religious interference in America than in any country except Tibet.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

What I take as medicine is my own private affair. I do not regard alcohol as a stimulant.—REV. E. S. SHUMAKER.

Monkey men make monkey morals.—REV. JOHN ROACH STRATON.

Many men always act the fool when they get near the Bible.—REV. DR. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON.

I have always had the same ideals in public service, namely, that the efforts to satisfy the discriminating demands of the public required adherence to the highest standards of ethics and excellence and enterprise.—WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

I have always believed that the news reel was one of the greatest influences in the world.—WILLIAM FOX.

There are two situations in which I have unexpectedly found myself thinking, "Observe, I am perfectly happy." One of them is when I am reading a good detective story and feel I am about to go to sleep. The other happines is sitting on a gravel path and pulling up weeds.—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The latest rule in deleted football is that you cannot run with a fumble. A fumbled flask is anybody's property after the third period.—"BUGS" BAER.

In Brief

AN EXPURGATED EDITION of the Bible has been issued in which the word "harlots" is displaced by "evil companions," and St. John's account of the woman taken in adultery is omitted. Now at last Boston bookstores will be able to sell something else besides greeting cards and mucilage. . . . It is encouraging to hear Bertrand Russell's statement that there is one other country in which religion interferes with politics more than it does in the United States. It is discouraging to hear him add that the country is Tibet. . . . Has Will Rogers noticed that, although almost as much liquor came from Canada to the United States in August, 1929, as in August, 1928, the customs border patrol on the Detroit River recently did succeed in capturing a rum-running rowboat with a deaf and dumb occupant? . . . Asked the reason for his trip to the United States, Mayor Boess of Berlin replied, "I come to do what I may toward strengthening friendly relations between New York City and the city of Berlin." Or, to put it another way, Mayor Boess is on a holiday. . . . The title of Joseph Conrad's novel, *Victory*, becomes *Flesh of Eve* in the movie version, and the worst of it is Hollywood unquestionably knows its public. . . . The Merchants' Association of Belle Plaine, Iowa, has awarded a hundred-dollar prize to a dog with more fleas than any other entered in its recent contest, and still there are some cynics who say blighting things about the great American sense of

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humor. . . . Senator Bingham declares he would have felt disloyal to Connecticut had he not tried to discover what it wanted in the way of tariff rates. Senator Bingham judges a national tariff bill, not primarily for its effects on the country as a whole, but for its effects on the folks back home; that is to say, he preaches what nearly all Senators and Representatives practice.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE CANNOT understand President Hoover's purpose in trying to create the impression that prohibition laws are enforced in the Capital, or that Washington is dry to any decent degree. Poor Senator Howell, who is a non-social, non-drinking man as well as the representative of a dry State, could hardly be expected to supply the evidence of violations demanded so abruptly by the President. But Mr. Hoover, if he is the seeker for facts we believe him to be, must realize that liquor in hip-pocket or larger quantities can easily be obtained at reasonable prices. He could discover without much difficulty that there is a great deal of drinking in Congressional, diplomatic and other official circles. Indeed, he could learn that the price of grain alcohol, which is the base and basic substance of Washington's cocktails, has dropped from $14 to $8 a gallon since he took office, and since the passage of the Jones Act last February. The President's insistence that the Capital become a model for this prohibition nation has, we hear, boosted prices, but nobody expects the presidential increase to be permanent.

We find the President has weakened his reputation as a clear-thinking, fact-finding statesman through his encounter with Senator Howell. Members of Congress, as well as others with whom Mr. Hoover has daily contact, know that the dry laws are being violated, and enjoyed many a quiet chuckle at the seeming credulity shown by the White House. Except for the outspoken Smith Wildman Brookhart, however, none thought it incumbent upon himself to step forward with the requested evidence. Their attitude reflects Washington's general viewpoint toward the prohibition problem. Had the President urged all good citizens to come to his aid with information concerning violations of other laws, it is conceivable that many volunteer vigilantes would have complied, providing they possessed any helpful data. But the honorable gentlemen will not inform on themselves or the illicit gentry who keep the social fires burning. To do so would be to become an official outcast, as Mr. Brookhart may find himself to be in the future.

We wonder if Mr. Hoover has forgotten that Senator Gould of Maine,

Weed in N. Y. Evening World

"Damp ain't wet!"

an office-seeking prohibitionist, recently admitted purchase of juice of the grape—one means by which numerous official households find means of serving wines to their guests. Can it be the President does not recall Mrs. Willebrandt's assertions that there were widespread violations in the Capital? We cannot but ask why he did not call upon her for "facts." Our wonder is all the greater because Mrs. Willebrandt, unlike Senator Howell, might have been able to comply.

We do not contend that Washington is the wettest city in the land, since there are so many. We hear that even the cities of the dry South and the Bible Belt can supply a stranger's needs in Samaritan style. We do not mean to peach, but we know that liquor flows freely and quite openly in the Capital. We think it significant that Secretary Mellon and Under Secretary Mills, although directly responsible for enforcement conditions, made no move to support or substantiate the President's statements.

There is, we happen to know, hardly a political conference in Washington that is not accompanied with a show of corking good fellowship reminiscent of pre-Volstead days. Republican chieftains, though dry politically for the most part, leave behind such local considerations when they assemble here in upstairs hotel rooms. Discretion reigns at night clubs and roof gardens to the degree that guests are advised to portage their liquor in less gaudy receptacles than silver flasks; waiters insist upon filling glasses with ginger ale to the brim—their sole concession to law and good government—but what goes into the breakers thereafter is no concern of the establishment.

Almost every downtown office building, including several only a good stone's throw from the White House, has its favorite bootlegger.

These are facts, and if the prohibition bureau cannot find them, the President, to our mind, should discharge the whole outfit, from Secretary Mellon down.

But we wish, for his own sake, that the President had looked and investigated before he made all this to-do over the dryness of the Capital. For we confess that we admire these unexpected Rooseveltian statements issuing from the White House so frequently—the denunciation of W. B. Shearer and his shipbuilding clients, the demand for retention of the flexible tariff provision, though the President kept silent on the more important matter of rates—the order which gave impetus to the disarmament negotiations by postponing cruiser construction. Because we welcome a hard-hitter and loud speaker in the White House, after years of Coolidgean silence, we feel some concern lest the President, like the indiscreet boy in the fairy tale, discover that one may cry "wolf" too often—or that the wolf may be a bootlegger.

A. F. C.

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Imaginative Courage

An Editorial by Charles Seymour

JUST TEN YEARS ago there arrived in the United States a diplomatic mission now forgotten but one which, except for an unkind fate, might have become the most important in the history of Anglo-American relations. It was headed not by the Prime Minister of Great Britain but by the statesman who, through his character, had won the confidence of America and who through his long career as British Foreign Secretary was admirably suited to conduct a major negotiation: Viscount Grey of Fallodon. His purpose was to clear away the political causes of hard feeling between Great Britain and the United States, the lowering cloud of which was already perceived by serious observers. It was to be accomplished through personal conferences between Lord Grey and President Wilson. Above all the British envoy was empowered to state that in no circumstances would the British enter upon a naval rivalry with the United States.

Had these conferences taken place much of the disappointment and danger characteristic of this decade of Anglo-American relations might have been avoided. Historians will recount the details of the mischance, tragic in its consequences, that kept Lord Grey waiting in Washington and permitted him to return to England without having seen the President. The moment of opportunity passed. The illness and seclusion of Wilson and his quarrel with the Senate prevented the prosecution of a policy of active co-operation. There followed the advent of President Harding and Mr. George Harvey, whose attitude, if we may trust the recently published correspondence of the latter, betrayed an intense if not arrogant insistence upon the principle of national isolation. The political leaders and the people in each country were entirely unconscious of anything but the best intentions and yet seemed impotent to correct the causes of estrangement.

The War had left Great Britain and the United States the two greatest powers of the world and a sense of rivalry was inevitable. As Colonel House wrote in July 1919, the new economic strength of the United States must by its very existence create a feeling of antagonism and might lead to a situation in which the two countries would stand face to face as had Germany and Great Britain before the War. "By her industry and organization," he wrote, "Germany was forging ahead as the first power of the world, but she lost everything by her arrogance and lack of statesmanship. Will it be Great Britain or the United States who will next commit the colossal blunder?" The efforts to settle specific differences such as naval competition and the debt problem left a bad taste. America minimized the diplomatic concessions made by the British at the Washington Conference and insisted that they had manoeuvred us out of the opportunity for real naval parity. The British countered with the complaint that Mr. Baldwin had been caught in a settlement of debts that was grossly unfair to the British taxpayer. The major difficulty, one not foreseen at the time of the Grey Mission, resulted from the abstention of the United States from the League of Nations. Like the debt and the naval problems this aroused sentimental antagonism, for the British could not but feel that they had been "let down" by the Senate's refusal to ratify the Versailles Treaty. A more serious danger politically lay in the fact that in any coërcive action taken by the League against an aggressor state the leading rôle, so far as a naval blockade might result, would be assumed by the British. If the United States insisted upon its right to trade with the recalcitrant state, a clash between the British and Americans could hardly be avoided. Under a new form but with its essential nature unchanged, the old problem of the freedom of the seas remained a permanent threat.

With full recognition of the solid conservative virtues of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Coolidge, historians will probably be justified in asserting that neither possessed the qualities necessary to meet such a situation. Progress was indeed made through the steps enabling the United States to enter the World Court and through the negotiation of the Kellogg Pact which, in a large sense, may be regarded as a sort of treaty between the United States and the League. But to meet the perils of Anglo-American rivalry and to make sure that it shall remain friendly there is essential an imaginative courage which, whatever their other qualities, was characteristic neither of the last Republican Administration in this country nor of the Conservative Government abroad. For this reason the recent changes in leadership have been fortunate. In the handling of foreign affairs imaginative courage signifies an emphasis upon common sense at the expense of traditional method. It was brilliantly displayed by Mr. MacDonald in the perilous days of 1924, when he smoothed the way for the acceptance of the Dawes Plan and took the first steps toward Locarno. It is the quality which led him to plan his visit to the United States. On this side of the Atlantic, the new President has spent his entire career in facing unpleasant facts and utilizing his imagination and courage in overcoming them. And Mr. Hoover's reputation for practical idealism is so high that any course he recommends will receive the support of popular approval.

Thus the opportunity which was opened up ten years ago by the Grey Mission and was lost is once more at hand. The principles must be assured of the universal demand that the utmost shall be made of it. The visit of Mr. MacDonald merely as a political gesture is of infinite value. It may be assumed that the details of naval parity can be arranged. But it would be a thousand pities if the conversations stopped at this point. Now is the time, rather than in the heat of excited controversy, to settle once and for all the only issue of vital danger to Anglo-American peace and one which concerns our whole series of relations with the League of Nations: interference with neutral trade on the high seas. America has taken the stand that private property should be immune from capture on the high seas. The doctrine

(Please Turn to Page 236)

Where is Mankind Going?

International problems, like individual ones, depend for their solution upon certain traits. In discussing the question of Anglo-American relations, Professor Seymour feels hopeful because the statesmen of both countries are exhibiting "imaginative courage." This week's contributor is Professor of History at Yale University

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Annual Jamboree

By F. L. SMITH, JR.

The author lives in Detroit, which entertains an average of more than one convention a day. He has been looking over the programs and he finds that the delegates manage to mix a little pleasure with business

WE HAD DINED at one of the city's principal hostelries, and after leaving the restaurant, we stood for a moment in the lobby watching the crowd. Gentlemen in white flannel trousers and gay purple berets somewhat similar to the headgear of the French navy, conversed in animated groups. Shiny gilt medals, with the bearer's nameplate attached, sparkled on their lapels, and all carried hickory canes. Bandsmen in brilliant scarlet jackets circulated through the crowd, and here and there we picked out some dignitary with the various insignia of high fraternal office decorating his person. The carnival spirit seemed to prevail, but as we studied the celebrants individually, we were struck by the strained and slightly weary expression on every other face. They were middle-aged faces in the main, solid, good-natured faces, a little bewildered. A short, rotund individual, gray moustached and round-headed, whom one might expect to meet behind the counter of a small town hardware store, leaned heavily on his cane and mopped his forehead. He stood on the fringe of a little circle which was hanging on the words of a spectacled, be-medaled orator in the center. The hardware man (he could have been nothing else) was obviously bored. He cast furtive glances around the lobby as though contemplating escape. I edged near to him and covertly glanced at his nameplate; P. G. Burgess, Pineville, Kas. I caught his eye. Mr. Burgess looked at me and smiled, an irresistible, utterly appealing smile.

"Gosh," he exclaimed, "I never see such a hot town as this. I come all the way from Kansas and I ain't cooled off yet. You here for the convention?" I assured him we were permanent residents.

"It's a great turn-out," Mr. Burgess went on, "the boys come here from all over the country. Yessir. I met a couple of fellas that traveled all the way from England. You got a fine city and the folks have been treating us mighty nice." He lowered his voice. "Say, I never see so much going on. After a couple of days it sort of gets to you."

"Yes," I replied, "I suppose it does."

"I ain't as young as I used to be," Mr. Burgess resumed confidentially. "Twenty years ago I would have eat it alive. But say! I'm all in. There's meetings going on all the time and when you ain't going to meetings you're doing something else, traipsing round or talking to folks from other lodges. It's going to be kinda nice to get home, I figure."

He was on the point of extending his remarks when a salvo of shots rang out somewhere in the hotel. My wife started and gazed apprehensively in the direction of the sound.

"It's all right, ma'am," Mr. Burgess assured her, "just some of the boys. They come all the way from Texas and they've been having quite a time."

The crowd in the lobby presently made way for a contingent of cowboys of a species unfamiliar to the western plains or the movie studios. They wore the conventional sombreros, but there any resemblance to the traditional frontiersman abruptly ceased. Their woolly "chaps" had been dyed staggering yellows, greens, and reds, with billowy silk shirts to match. I detected a pair of patent leather oxfords upon the extremities of one stalwart Texan. The leader of the band, a kindly, ruddy-faced desperado with a stubby white moustache, marshalled his men in the center of the lobby. Stripped of his fantastic paraphernalia, I could imagine him sitting in a swivel chair discussing finance or politics—an eminent figure in his particular bailiwick. He was altogether striking, with a certain courtliness that almost counteracted the weird effect of his trappings.

Several of the cowboys were replenishing their revolvers with blank cartridges and the banker (I am sure he was a banker back home) examined his own armaments, a pair of very professional looking Colts.

"Whoopee," he shouted suddenly. The cowboys raised their guns, and the lobby rocked with a series of shattering explosions. My wife clutched my arm. Mr. Burgess looked at her and grinned.

"Don't worry, ma'am," he remarked casually, "they ain't real bullets. The boys are just having some fun. They've been shooting like that ever since they got here."

Over Mr. Burgess's shoulder, I had noticed a thin, elderly man quietly reading a paper in his chair. At the first shot, I saw him start violently, drop his reading, and slump forward in his seat. The cowboys were quite oblivious and continued to fire spasmodically. Presently interest began to center around the man in the chair. A crowd formed, and before I could grasp what had happened, two bellboys were supporting his limp figure towards the elevators. Later, I learned that Mr. M—, a vice-president of one of the largest railroad companies, had been stricken with a heart attack resulting from sudden shock, and was lying in precarious condition in one of the local hospitals—a tragic happenstance, of course, but an actual one, and indicative perhaps of what the casual spectator may encounter when conventions come to town.

Living in one of the principal convention centers of America, I have had an unusual opportunity to study these functions at close range, and with the exception of witnessing an innocent bystander stricken with heart failure during the revels, it has been engaging experience, full of strange surprises. In my native city, the convention cycle is endless, and during 1928 some 400 of these assemblies, or an average of better than one a day transpired; since the beginning of the current fiscal year, over three hundred conventions have come and gone, religious, industrial, professional, fraternal and what not. In a single week this summer, no less than fifteen organizations have simultaneously been in session within the city gates. When the convention season is at its height, one may flit, if he so desires, from assembly room to assembly room, absorbing the inner mysteries of ice manufacture, glass blowing, iron smelting, faith healing, crystal gazing, prestidigitation, potato raising, cheese making, and real estate salesmanship.

The selection of a particular city by a given organization for its convention

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headquarters is not a haphazard or casual process—not by any means. High powered salesmanship and assorted manipulation and intrigue figure in the proceedings to a surprising degree. Virtually every large American city maintains a bureau supported by the business and commercial interests whose sole and only function is to book as many conventions as possible, the more the merrier. The rivalry for the honor and advantages of entertaining the larger conventions is very spirited, and it is not at all unusual to find a dozen or more of the principal cities vying for the privilege of playing host to the more important or pseudo-important associations and guilds. A convention bureau is a pre-eminently aggressive organization, and one that goes after the business, so to speak. It circulates pamphlets setting forth the advantages and allurements of the city which it represents and employs every known sales device to capture the fancy of prospective visiting conventionites.

Financially speaking, the convention bureau's zeal is more than justified, for convention values may be readily translated into terms of dollars and cents. A few years ago, the statisticians in my own city placed the visiting delegate under observation in response to charges that he was a poor spender and profited no one save his hotel keeper. It presently developed that the visiting delegate was a decided asset, since on the average he contributed $101 towards the town's prosperity. Further researches were pursued to determine exactly where every cent of the conventionite's dollar went. The results were highly edifying, for it was demonstrated that 26 per cent of the visiting delegate's total expenditures were devoted to local merchandise, 20.5 per cent to restaurants and cafeterias, 17.3 per cent to hotels and rooms, 11.5 per cent to automobiles, garages, gasoline, etc., 8.5 per cent to theatres and amusements, 7 per cent to transportation, 5.9 per cent to confectionery, cigars, and incidentals, and 3 per cent to taxicabs and buses. Thus it appears that the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker and everybody else comes in for his share of the conventionite's dollar; and when, as in the case of my own city, 450,000 visiting delegates come and go in the course of a year leaving behind them approximately $45,000,000, the mad scramble among the larger centers of culture to obtain convention bookings becomes readily understandable.

Despite this impressive economic structure, conventions, and here I except such learned gatherings as those of certain medical, legal, religious and professional associations, are essentially grand jamborees at which the actual business at hand affords merely a convenient background. Certain conventionites, it is true, carry an earnest purpose in their breasts, but the vast majority are on hand for a good time and nothing else and would be grievously pained and disappointed if it was not forthcoming.

The personnel of nine out of ten conventions affords an unmistakable clue as to the real nature of these gatherings, for it is common observation that the most enthusiastic conventionites, both temperamentally and numerically speaking, are middle-aged. In the last analysis, the average convention is simply the popularized version of the college reunion, a convenient safety valve for blowing off the restraints of the forties and fifties. The two are fundamentally the same, one a saturnalia with a more or less academic background, and the other a fiesta founded on professional, business, or fraternal relationships. A large city attracts conventions in exact proportion to the amusement and entertainment facilities it affords. My own metropolis, for example, has become a conventionite's Mecca for a number of very good reasons over and above its scenic beauties and industrial wonders. The town is flowing with liquor, and Ontario, where one may imbibe unrestrained, is but ten minutes distant. As a matter of fact, few conventionites bother to journey to Canadian soil inasmuch as the opportunities on the American side of the border are equally, if not actually, more attractive. The visiting delegate need only consult the nearest taxi driver and he will immediately be tendered superb service of whatever type he may desire, liquor, gaming, white-lights, and worse. The various diversions for which the majority of convention followers seem particularly to yearn are available in unlimited quantities; hence, it is an obscure organization indeed which does not at least once in its life time hold forth in Detroit.

Until one has lived in a convention city and observed things for himself, he has no conception of the bewildering array of associations in these United States. Examining the local convention roster of the past six months, I find that virtually every field of human endeavor, commercial, social, and otherwise, is represented. At one time or another during the current fiscal year, the town has been visited by the laundrymen, the manufacturers of concrete pipe, the railway blacksmiths' guild, the inter-state ski-jumpers, the butchers and packers, the urologists, the spiritualists, the chiropodists,

Wide World

Visiting delegate fraternizes

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the terrazo and mosaic workers, the railroad yardmasters, the automotive engine rebuilders, the brewers of carbonated beverages, the Women's Welsh Clubs, the electroplaters' society, the costumers, the hairdressers, the Order of Amaranth, and the plumbing and heating dealers, to cite a comparatively few.

The coin and machine operators invaded the city five hundred strong. It may be news to some that the licensed tugmen are banded together in an association; they held forth hereabouts not long ago. I had never heard of the Tribe of Ben Hur until three hundred of its members were tendered the town's hospitality, nor did I realize prior to last month that the sealers of weights and measures were organized along very definite lines. While driving to my office the other morning I ran afoul of a cavalcade of buses preceded by a squadron of motorcycle officers. It appeared to be a rather impressive delegation — which indeed it was—of members of the Upper Peninsula Calf Club taking in the sights.

The inhabitants of a convention city, meaning those who do not profit directly from the presence of hordes of visiting delegates, come, in time, to regard these functions complacently and with vast good humor and tolerance. Their attitude is somewhat similar to that of the citizens of Paris toward American tourists; as long as the visitor within the city gates does not run amuck and endanger the peace and security of his hosts, well and good, and frequently that means standing for a good deal.

Perhaps the most glamorous assemblies are those of the more pretentious fraternal orders, and they resemble gigantic college reunions down to the minutest details. My own city was recently invaded by some 5,000 representatives of a well-known society, and for nearly a week they staged a Mardi Gras whose like the town has seldom witnessed. Caravans of motor buses packed with hilarious delegates in their official robes toured the city, scattering clouds of confetti and bewildering peaceful motorists. At no time did organization meetings or business sessions loom so large as to prevent the streets from being thronged with merry brethren decked out to resemble Oriental princes. The leading speakeasies catered to gorgeously robed delegates standing three deep at the bar, and in a playful spirit, certain of the brothers journeyed to one of the city's parks and fired volleys of blank cartridges at the noble animals whose name their association bears.

The annual conference of a certain disabled soldiers' organization took place some time ago. It was in many respects a pathetic and moving occasion; one encountered in the streets men cruelly maimed, blinded, and disfigured, as poignant a reminder of the horror of war as any community was ever afforded. Yet curiously enough, this was the most riotous convention of them all, and never did a more able-bodied, rip-roaring contingent descend upon the town than these same disabled warriors. They chartered a fleet of taxicabs and toured the city, having first instructed the drivers to backfire their motors; startled citizens leapt from their beds in terror, and when the veterans assembled in a downtown park and proceeded to commit assorted "whoopee," police reserves were reluctantly summoned. Thereupon, the celebrants commandeered the patrol wagon and playfully auctioned it off to the highest bidder.

The visiting delegate, as I have observed him, is a being of immense resourcefulness, and the pleasures and pastimes which he evolves during the course of a convention closely approach genius. When the Elorida realtors, for example, arrived, they did not languish in committee rooms or expend valuable energy in rushing from one meeting to the next; no indeed. Armed with crates of oranges, they toured the city, gayly bombarding the populace with the native fruit. The representatives of an automobile sales organization, fearing that time might hang heavy on their hands, appropriated the roof garden of a large hotel for their own particular pleasure. It was an unusually attractive auditorium with a tinted glass ceiling, fountains, and tropical plants, the scene of many very genteel functions. Once the conventionites were inside, however, the doors were locked, and the committee in charge of arrangements produced a complement of prize fighters of all weights and sizes and proceeded to stage a very gory evening.

Boating excursions particularly appeal to the visiting delegates in my own city as a means of escape from the tedium of usual organization affairs. I recall one memorable cruise when a certain eminent brotherhood chartered an ancient and dilapidated ferry boat for a cruise up the lake. Once the lines were cast off, the ship headed straight for Canada where a cargo of beer, one case per passenger, was taken aboard. According to the usual procedure, the captain instructed the wheelsman to steer in a great circle, and during the entire afternoon the ship cruised round and round with no protest from the passengers. The mysterious behavior of the steamer aroused the curiosity of numerous small craft, and they attempted to investigate; but no sooner had they approached than they were greeted with salvos of empty beer bottles. The visiting delegates who had remained ashore had anticipated that some of the brethren would return from their cruise slightly the worse for wear. Accordingly they thoughtfully purchased half a dozen wheel-

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Wide World

Whooping it up

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Out of Germany by Christmas

By T. R. YBARRA

WIESBADEN, RHINELAND, GERMANY.

THE BRITISH evacuation of the Rhineland is in full swing. Within a few weeks after the appearance of this article, if all goes according to schedule, Tommy Atkins will be but a memory here in Wiesbaden and in the rest of the towns forming part of the last British zone of occupation. The Rhinelanders will soon be gazing for the last time upon the British flag flying over brigade headquarters, barracks, storehouses and hospitals, upon Scots in their kilts, officers in tail-less, tight-waisted scarlet evening coats, upon Tommy Atkins wandering good-humoredly about, nonchalantly swinging his ever-present swagger stick. All these have been everyday sights in the Rhineland for years; and it will take the Rhinelanders some time to adjust themselves to the belief that their absence is a normal state of affairs.

Ever since the middle of September detachments of the last British occupying troops, the First and Second Rhine Brigades, have been packing up their belongings and marching away to Bingen—"Bingen on the Rhine"—which has become the main local center of export for Tommies returning to England. Nearly every day until the middle of December Bingen will receive Tommies, as they dribble in from Wiesbaden and Biebrich and the rest of the towns in the British Zone of Occupation, and arrange for the transportation of themselves and their impedimenta down the Rhine to England. Soldiers will make the Rhine journey by train; the guns of the British artillery and other heavy paraphernalia will be shipped on the first lap homeward on Rhine steamboats.

Some day between now and December thirteenth, the limit set for the British evacuation, Lieutenant-General Sir William Thwaites, commanding the British Rhine Army, will preside at the official hauling down of the British flag now flying over the old Hotel Hohenzollern here, which has served as British General Headquarters since the Tommies marched into Wiesbaden. That will mark the official end of the British Occupation of the Rhineland. Wiesbaden, however, will not be finally freed on that day from foreign occupying troops, for Sir William, after hauling down the flag of his country, will not turn the city over to any German military or civil authorities, but to an officer representing France. For it must be remembered that, though the British intend to be out of the Rhineland by Christmas, the French mean to stay there some months longer. Therefore, as was the case when the American occupying troops left Coblenz and the British relinquished the Cologne zone, French soldiers will continue in occupation at Rhineland. This city, which already French "poilus" occupy jointly with British Tommies, will still have to bow, for a few months at least, to the dictates of Paris.

But elsewhere in the British Zone of Occupation the disappearance of Tommy Atkins will mean the definite return of the districts abandoned by him to a Germany knowing naught of foreign occupation. When the British soldiers packed up their kits last month at Koenigstein and Schwalbach, the first towns to be evacuated by them, and marched away to Bingen, for entrainment to England, the relief felt by Koenigstein and Schwalbach was not tempered by the thought that the departure of the Tommies merely meant the arrival of the poilus. No soldiers in horizon blue marched in as the men in khaki marched out. So it will be also in the rest of the district which the British have been occupying, except, as has been observed, in Wiesbaden itself. Wiesbaden, like Mayence and Coblenz and other important Rhineland towns, will have to possess its soul in patience while the government at Berlin threshes out the final details of when and how the Rhineland is to be evacuated with the government at Paris.

For eleven years the British have been occupying parts of the Rhineland. In the first years after the armistice the center of the British occupation was Cologne. All those who went through that city during those days will remember the squads of Tommies in the streets, the signs in English posted up on all sides, the sentry—often a Scot in full Highland regalia—prancing up and down in front of the Hotel Excelsior, which served as British Headquarters, now and then casting a cold military eye on the towering mass of the Cathedral just across the way. Little by little the British Zone of Occupation was restricted until, finally, it was reduced to Wiesbaden and the pleasant district surrounding it.

During those eleven years a regular class of Britons has sprung up hereabouts, who may be described as "peace veterans"—soldiers who, without having heard the whistle of a bullet have grown into veterans in an army occupying an alien and latently hostile land.

Here in Wiesbaden it is amusing to hear the "veterans" talk. They compare Wiesbaden, favorably or unfavorably, with the "old days" at Cologne, constantly compare the former and present British occupation zones.

A few days ago I shared a railway compartment with some of them, returning, with their women folk, from a jolly outing on the banks of the Rhine. All the way to Wiesbaden they joked with each other, chaffed with the Germans at the stations where the train stopped, sang, with more uproar than technical merit, songs of their British home-land as well as of Germany.

One of them suddenly launched into the words of a German air—the others, after a moment's hesitation, joined in. After a while, however, the song halted and presently stopped—nobody seemed quite at home in words or tune.

"That's a Cologne song," remarked one of the women in the party.

"Yes, mikes me think of the owld days," said another. "You never 'ear that song around Weezbadn, do yer?"

Whereupon one of them started shouting a song most popular just now in Wiesbaden, and all the rest of them, with evident relief, joined vociferously in the refrain. As the train pulled into a station, the Germans on the platform smiled. One of the Tommies leaned far out of the compartment door, beckoned to the nearest German.

"'Ave a cigarette?" he inquired affably. The German nodded, took one, bowed his thanks. Relations between Tommy Atkins and the country-side long ago passed out of the first glowering post-war stage.

Yes, long ago. More than one "Fräulein" of Wiesbaden and Bingen will soon be gazing wistfully at the barracks from which her Tommy used to stride forth gallantly to keep tryst with her on the shore of the Rhine.

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Branch Banking

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

FOR THE PAST two years the country has heard almost as much about branch banking, group banking and chain banking as it has about merger banking. The branch banking movement is almost the sole topic of discussion at the American Bankers Association annual convention, held this week in San Francisco. The layman may be pardoned if he thinks the branch and group bank growth, as well as bank mergers, is due to the urge which powerful banking interests feel for even more power and their desire to dominate banking in a given community, city or state.

Personal ambitions and profit-seeking foresightedness doubtless play a part, but the tendency of the large banks to buy up the smaller ones as well as to establish branches and, so far as is legally possible, to control banks beyond the limits of branch banking as now permitted under the law, was born of changing conditions in the business world. In some of its aspects the concentration of banking power is tainted with financial manipulation, but it is a movement which cannot be talked down.

The McFadden Act and the Federal Reserve Act, the former passed at the insistent demand of metropolitan national banks to enable them to compete with state banks, permit foreign branches and branches in the corporate limits of all large cities in which the head office of the bank is situated, provided the state law permits state bank branches.

In 1927, 145 national banks were operating 390 branches, resulting from national bank absorption of state banks. On June 30 last, the Comptroller of the Currency reports, only 164 national banks had branches, numbering 603, out of a total of nearly 8000 national banks. Branch banks now total 3440, compared with 2900 two years ago.

Assuming that branch banking is desirable, and it seems to be at least inevitable, obviously the laws are not broad enough. The main army of defense against branch banking has been recruited from the country banks. Rural bankers feared that, if powerful city banks were permitted to establish branches, the independent institution would be crowded out, just as the grocery chain store has put the crossroads merchant out of business. Country bankers have been powerful enough collectively and politically to hold in check the branch banking movement. They easily won to their side the support of those who had the traditional fear of domination of Wall Street or its counterpart in large cities. They predicted the withdrawal of country bank deposits into the metropolitan speculative whirlpool. They assumed that "big business" would be helped first and the farmer and small business man last, or not at all. The epidemic of country bank failures the past two or three years has done much to break down opposition to branch banking.

Theoretically, the argument of the country banker is weak in that the independent country banks already do the very thing it is feared the city branch bank will do. Country bankers and their directors are as anxious to make money as any one and they are under strong temptation to refuse loans to small borrowers at legal rates when so much more can be obtained in the New York call money market. The country banker, furthermore, must keep his money at work; so in full times at home he is obliged to invest in bonds. That is not the true function of a bank, and it is particularly undesirable that a bank in one section of the country with surplus funds should buy bonds when banks in other parts of the country are unable to accommodate their small borrowers.

At least, so runs the argument for branch banking. It continues that a central institution with great capital resources is able to mobilize funds and send them where needed immediately, withdrawing them from communities where they are no longer able to find employment. Under such a system, should loans become "frozen" in one branch or the branches in one section, the parent bank could save the situation by sending reinforcements from elsewhere. Moreover, the parent bank could distribute its loans among many industries and various communities, which are unlikely to feel depression at the same time.

In spite of the great prosperity of the country and the large profits earned by city banks, in 1927, 966 national banks operated at a loss and 2000 earned less than 5 per cent on capital. From 1924 to 1928 less than 1½ per cent was earned by farm country banks, and from 1921 to 1928, 5000 banks closed up, freezing deposits of more than one and a half billions. In the first eight months of this year 455 state and national banks have failed. A remedy concerns the depositor even more than the banker.

In lieu of laws permitting branch or chain banking in its natural form, the larger banks are attempting to solve the problem by development of group banking—that is, acquisition by a central financial corporation of control of a number of banks, one of which is a metropolitan bank. This movement is rapidly spreading. The Comptroller estimates that 230 groups are now operating, owning about 2000 banks. If group and branch banking are to be classed as one, about 20 per cent of all banking offices of the country are in that category.

Under group banking, difficulties in the way of movement of liquid funds are presented by the necessity of transferring bank assets from one independent bank to another, with conflicting state and national supervision, which does not, of course, extend to the group as a whole. Despite serious objections, which those partaking in it admit, group banking is defended as the only legal means of meeting the situation. Its proponents regard it as a justifiable preparation against the day when branch banking will be legalized beyond city and state lines and when probably groups will be consolidated as branch banks.

California is the only state now permitting unrestricted banking. But signs point to a change in state and national laws, if for no other reason in order to stop the group movement, which otherwise threatens to break up the unit banking system in city as well as country.

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Sportsmen and Others

By JOHN R. TUNIS

Harsh words have hurtled about Mr. Tunis's head as a result of his comments on the world of sports—so-called. He here indicates what the readers of The Outlook and Independent may expect from his pen

THE PATH of any one who undertakes to comment upon the athletics of this broad land, and to do it with a mixture of humor and accuracy is surely beset with many perils. If you do not believe it try to explain to your best friend exactly what is wrong with his putting. Not long since it was my good fortune to be asked to attend the annual dinner of the Lawn Tennis Umpires Association at which to my surprise an article of mine which had appeared in the New York Post was quoted at length. This article stated my sincere belief, namely that the umpiring and lining of tennis matches in this country was infinitely better than it is abroad, and for this statement of my belief I was extolled as all that a sporting critic should be, simply because I had been saying what I thought and what I thought happened to be eulogistic.

Being of a nasty, carping and captious turn of mind, these encomiums left me in rather an unpleasant mood. For it was impossible not to realize that had I said the reverse, not only would it in all probability have been necessary for me to pay for my evening meal that night; but that also I should have been called some distasteful names. And this no matter whether there was truth or otherwise in my remarks. Thus running back over the past few years I discover that I have been described in print as an "agitator," an "iconoclast," a "bellyacher," a "grouch," a "liar," a "serpent," and several other things as well, besides being characterized as "wrong headed," "tiresome," "petulant," "insincere," "ingenuous," "jaundiced," "idealistic," "pessimistic," "impractical," "hard-boiled," "sensitive," "violent," "venomous," and "cowardly;" that I am the "Carry Nation of sports writers," that I have had "a run-in with the members of the Polo Association," and that I have "forfeited the respect of all honorable sportsmen." A tall order. Very likely these names and others even worse are exact; but perhaps it would be interesting to state precisely what I believe about sport today and let you judge the accuracy of them for yourself.

First of all, then, I am keenly and intensely interested in sport of all kinds in this country and abroad. Nor do I much care whether that sport is Man wrestling with nature, as in swimming or mountain climbing, or Man wrestling with Man at the New York Athletic Club, provided only that the sport in question brings some mental solace and relaxation in its train. Sport is indeed catholic; I appreciate that what interests you most does not perhaps interest me very much; but I refuse to believe because of this that my favorite sport or sports are the only or the most valuable ones. And it strikes me that much of what passes for sport in this country is silly to the point of vertigo and has no more to do with real sport than has Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

I said just now that I was interested in all kinds of sport; this does not mean that professional sports, professional hockey, professional baseball, professional boxing or professional swimming attract me in the least. On the contrary I see them as amusements, just as I see the movies, the theatre, concerts and piano recitals.

Sport today is confined to no one country and to no one part of any country; the person therefore who is ignorant of the tendencies in the world of sports outside Manhattan Island is hardly competent to pass judgment upon events in the realm of athletics. For there are today important developments in countries like Germany and Italy that may be of more significance than the usual crop of records in the United States. In fact, it has always seemed to me that our insistence on records and still more records in every branch of competitive sport does quite as much harm as good. By continually striving to reach the snowy peaks are we not sometimes in danger of losing the vistas in the green forests that dot the slopes below?

No one I believe is fit to describe modern athletics who is not or has not been an athlete himself. The reason that it gives me such pleasure to read the cool Oxford English of Mr. Edward Sampson in the *Manchester Guardian* is that he is himself a scratch golfer in a land where that means something, and a first class county tennis player as well. The American idea that any one is good enough to write about sports and that a few weeks on the copy desk gives a man the necessary background to follow athletics is just a little hard for me to swallow.

I believe thoroughly in the "Grecian arts of soft persuasion," but I also believe that a brick chucked through the window arouses more attention than a dollar's worth of pansies laid lovingly on the doorstep, and that if considerable more throwing of bricks was indulged in by those on the inside of our sports who observe the manifold and constant abuses in the athletic world, the authorities in charge might eventually be obliged to stop, look and listen whether they wished to do so or not.

I believe that many of the associations formed for the purpose of furthering sport in the United States are useless and unnecessary and that many others which are useful spend a great deal of time and effort duplicating efforts. Mr. Richard E. Danielson in a recent number of the *Sportsman* puts the problem facing these organizations better than I can hope to do. "The time has come," he says, "for the A.A.U. and similar bodies ranging as far as the United States Polo Association to consider seriously the real ends and purposes of their existence. Such bodies were not formed to collect great audiences at spectacular events, to work up cumulative newspaper publicity, and to capitalize the drawing power of individuals. They were created to work for the good of the sport and to foster and develop and protect an amateur and unmercenary attitude toward that sport by those who took part in it. The moment they allow themselves to be governed by mercenary considerations, that moment the individuals whom they are supposed to protect will feel the taint. The present scandal of our shamateur athletes is due to venal promoters and a *laissez faire* association which is more concerned with expansion than the spirit of sport."

Is this not common sense about sport? I for one believe that it is.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Autumnale

Letters of Disraeli to Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford. Edited by the MARQUIS OF ZETLAND: Appleton. $10.00. 2 vols. And *Horace Walpole and Madame Du Deffand.* By ANNA DE KOVEN: Appleton. $3.

IN ANDRÉ MAUROIS' preface to this collection of Disraeli's letters to Lord Forester's daughters, he remarks that the loves of old men are as touching as those of young men. We are unable to agree with him except in the sense that age is pitiful in its clinging to the things of youth. Disraeli, the most exotic figure of the Victorian age, had all the temperamental extravagance and emotionalism of a Jew and an artist, plus the slight sense of inferiority which never left him and which made the constant reassurance of woman's admiration and solicitude a life-long necessity. The eagerness, hopelessness, and chagrin of the elderly lover revealed in Beaconsfield's letters to Selina, Lady Bradford, would inevitably become grotesque if not curbed by the writer's own sense of the ridiculous, abetted not infrequently by the good judgment of Selina herself. Disraeli, nearing seventy and wracked by gout, a widower still scrupulously wearing mourning for his wife, was only too aware of his own absurdity and held a tight rein on his own unseasonable ardors. In contrast to the tone of the letters to Selina, those to her sister are obviously platonic and probably for that reason seem written with more freedom and grace, but throughout the voluminous correspondence with both sisters, continuing during the last eight years of his life, we find devastating flashes of "Dizzy's" wit and delicious character sketches of the innumerable personages who played some part in his pageant, including Queen Victoria, fantastically alluded to as the Fairy or Titania, whether in exquisite malice or romantic adoration we never know, "Prince Hal,"—the Prince of Wales—Napoleon III, "a kind-hearted, good-natured man but without honor, a quality rare out of England," Louis Philippe, Bismarck whose diet was reduced to Disraeli's amusement to five dishes, "pickled salmon, smoked herring, caviar, oysters and potato salad."

Jacket design by Herman I. Bacharach for "Laughing Boy," (Houghton Mifflin Company), a first novel by Oliver LaFarge

As in all final leave-takings there is a note of sadness in the last letters from Downing Street, but after the elections of 1880, we find the former premier completing his novel *Endymion,* and delighting in the beauties of the countryside. He wrote from Houghenden that after living in that county for sixty years and representing it for thirty, he had never before passed a summer there and now could not live without the moon, nightingales and "pink May." There was nothing pastoral in the character of Benjamin Disraeli, but he discussed the cultivation of violets and strawberries with the Queen, while still in her cabinet, and wore her little bouquet of snow-drops to an important dinner where he alone was without ribbons or stars but nevertheless "decorated" by his sovereign. These letters will throw no new light on Victorian diplomacy, or even solidify in the twentieth century mind a personality already so definitely crystallized as that of Disraeli, but they are full of urbane and mature charm and humor. They will be read with delight in spite of their writer's preoccupation with what M. Maurois calls "the naïve concerns of adolescence."

Certain personages are so identified with the eighteenth century that they may be said to have invented it. Indeed they did so in its significance to civilization and imagination. It is a period which seems to belong peculiarly to England, France and to the United States, just as to many minds the eleventh and thirteenth centuries mean France, and the fourteenth and fifteenth mean Italy. Horace Walpole was not one of the immortal iconoclasts of his day but he definitely belonged to his century and his platonic love affair with Madame du Deffand was pure *dix huitième siècle.* In his friendship with this brilliant French woman, we find the relation of Disraeli and Lady Bradford reversed. Walpole was sufficiently younger than the lady for her to write him on one occasion that in the course of nature she might have been his mother! It is painful to read how frantically Madame du Deffand sought to emphasize the impossibility of any sentiment other than friendship between her and her English admirer. She was of a group which had made friendship more than a cult. It was a vocation with her.

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She found "romance in friendship" rather than in love like many of her contemporaries in France. Walpole, with his English dread of ridicule heightened in his sensitive nature to a mania, was wont to reproach her cruelly for the extravagance of her protestations and declared that they made him detest the word friendship. Though it is made clear that Walpole was sincerely fond of "his dear old woman" there is in their story a tragedy deeper than racial difference alone can account for. There is the eternal catastrophe which befalls every ageing woman who finds herself involved in even the most cerebral liaison with a man many years her junior. Possibly the tragedy of mother and son rather than that of mistress and lover is more nearly comparable to the plight of Madame du Deffand. She tried to excuse Walpole because he was English, but she would have been nearer the truth had the excuse been simply that he was a man. What was vital, thrilling, exciting, to her a raison d'être, just did not matter so very much to him. . . . Mrs. de Koven has analyzed this situation with intelligent sympathy. While she points no morals her book could be read with profit by many middle-aged women cherishing fallacious relations.

MARY SHIRLEY.

An Elaboration of Identities

Process and Reality. By ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD: Macmillan Co. $4.50.

OF THE SERIES of philosophical studies which have been the work of Whitehead during late years, the present one is the magnum opus in point of generality, coherence, and system. The earlier concern with a strictly scientific or natural philosophy is extended in scope, the definitions and discussions generalized, with the result that *Process and Reality* is nothing less than the elaboration of a cosmogony.

This cosmogony is one of organism; the universe is an organism and each of its constitutents is organic. Process is fundamental and everything is related uniformly, parts to other parts and to the whole, and the whole to its parts. Relatedness is even more fundamental than this, the very nature of a thing is established by its relations; its reason for existence is only to be found in the examination of other things. Thus process and relativity are implied in the idea of an "actual entity," which is the building block of the system. Building block in suggesting "substance" is a misnomer, as an "actual entity" is carefully distinguished from substance. The whole universe is of course an actual entity, but it is something different in its relations in being a "concrescence," that is a process associated with concreteness, limitation, determinateness. The whole universe is continually a concrescence, which has in it definite forms because of the presence in the "primordial nature" of "God" of "eternal objects." "God" is the principle of concretion, the agency of thingness.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the definitions of other things in existence, technical terms for which are introduced and defined in an opening section which for grandeur and summariness is like the opening movement of a symphony. A paraphrase in ordinary language might possibly remove the distinctions which were the author's sole object of definition. This brief restatement, which barely suggests the scope and the style, is sufficient to indicate the way in which the ordinary philosophical problems are treated. There is first a generalization of the concepts, then the revised interpretation. An acquaintanceship with *Science and the Modern World* should immediately suggest the resemblance to the chapter *Abstraction,* which could be skipped with the author's permission; in this book, however, should the reader wish to skip, he'll find nowhere to land, since the hard passages are continuous. (In the chapter on "Process" the going is slightly easier.)

Thus the book will be most important for students of philosophy, and particularly to students of Whitehead's philosophy. It would be most instructive in this regard to examine in detail the comparisons and contrasts with Eddington in view of the opposing views taken on Einstein's theory.

For the ordinary reader, for whom the technical vocabulary is likely to be forbidding, it is interesting to note in what Whitehead places the justification of his philosophy. This is continually stated to lie in what he calls "stubborn fact." Of what does this consist? It consists of both the ordinary facts of experience and the facts of experimental observation, the latter being more fundamental and "stubborn" for purposes of explanation. But the ultimate interpretation of physical fact, as discovered in quantum theory development, not only shows fact to be capricious, but absolutely (not plausibly) objectively unknowable. Stubborn fact is thus in the status, in its ultimate significance, of the "subjectivity" than which it is supposed to be infinitely more stubborn. Thus this philosophy is relative rather than absolute, relative to reality as perceived by human beings on this planet. It is an elaboration of identities, a description of the sensible in terms of the sensible, in a vocabulary seldom equalled for fluency and impressiveness in the face of an inevitable inadequacy.

JOHN RIORDAN.

The Week's Reading

Queen Elizabeth. By KATHARINE ANTHONY: Knopf. $4.

IT IS DELIGHTFUL to find as intelligent and thoughtful a woman (and as able a writer) as Katharine Anthony undertaking a biography of Queen Elizabeth. We have always felt that Agnes Strickland, for all her stodginess, came as near to an understanding of Elizabeth's character as did Froude, for all his brilliance, and far nearer than the psychographers, for all their probing. Thinking of Elizabeth Tudor as a "king in petticoats," male historians have found it too easy to forget the petticoats and to consider as insoluble certain contradictory aspects of her character which, to another brilliant woman, are super-feminine. Not that Miss Anthony's book is controversial. She is too wise to handle the figure of popular and personal imagination that is "Belphoebe, Gloriana, Elizabeth of England" in an oblique fashion. Her work stands firmly on accepted fact, dismisses rumor, and leaves the great and enigmatic personality as great, and in some necessary ways, as enigmatic as before. For greatness is always inexplicable. Taking her subject's life by phases rather than chronologically, Miss Anthony is especially happy in dealing with Elizabeth's youth, with her friendship with Leicester, and with the Alençon marriage project. Her beliefs as to the basis and strength of Elizabeth's protestantism are most interesting. She sees Elizabeth as the strong and worried and irritable chatelaine of England, carrying its great keys at her girdle, unbarring eastern doors and

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opening western, unlocking the jam closet, albeit grudgingly, when a good boy comes home, spanking the mischief makers, keeping the accounts. She sees her as a great human, risen to meet the demands of a great age, and the product of that age. Her book is delightful reading. We do not agree with her opinion of Elizabeth's prose style, but that is a captious complaint to make against so admirable a book. Miss Anthony's own style is brilliant, forceful and pure, a suitable vehicle for the expression of her clear and concise thought.

The Methodist Faun. By ANNE PARRISH: Harpers. $2.50.

THE BEST THING about Mrs. Parrish's new novel is its clever title. The story is entirely commonplace, the characters, a collection of types, recognizable in the first few paragraphs, and the style, as usual with this author, is bright. The Methodist Faun is an unfortunate young fellow who is neither very Methodist (for surely one finds undirected yearnings, poor taste, fear of opinion and a sense of social inferiority among the followers of other creeds) nor, despite Mrs. Parrish's efforts with birch trees, lichens and water-falls, very Faun. In a typical village setting, with its gossip, banana salad recipes, church socials, sepia prints and its one "grand family," he falls clumsily between his two stools. In love with a star, he marries a clod, gets into trouble with a will-o-the-wisp and dies in a snow storm. As one of the characters aptly remarks—"It's no use trying to do anything for people like that. They simply drain you and you don't really help them." Unhappily for the theme of the book, the Methodist Faun is too much like Willie Baxter, gone serious, to be a figure of tragedy.

The Lost Child. By RAHEL SANZARA. Translated by WINIFRED KATZIN: Longmans. $2.50.

THIS REVIEWER has rarely read a book in which an atmosphere of violence and despair was as admirably created and sustained as in this novel which is comparable to the fine work of the Russians and of the Scandinavians, except that it lacks the irony of the one school and the mysticism of the other. It is not a book for the impressionable, for its essence of madness, evil and apathy is hard to shake off. From a patriarchal German farm, a little girl, the light of the household disappears. The reader knows the awful secret of her vanishing. For half the book, he dreads for the climax of its discovery: for half he shudders because there was no climax. The loss sucks the life out of the farm family as a weasel sucks eggs. The mounting terror of fruitless search dissolves into the dreamlike journeys to distant lands in pursuit of blind clues, and they in turn fade into the resumption of life-in-death on the farm. The action is sustained with great discretion and the characterization built up with no visible effort. The story is written in simple, direct narrative. And the flat monotony of the style creates to perfection that atmosphere of time and space suspended by a hair such as all of us have experienced in moments of tragedy.

Seven Women. By WILLIAM M. JOHN: Sears. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR of *Seven Women* employs the useful literary device whereby one event becomes the nucleus about which are drawn the threads of separate narratives, each related by inference to that event and each presenting a related situation and a related type of character. Ladies' Aid in the Colorado community is meeting at a house where the servant girl is having an undesirable baby. Ladies' Aid is devoted to Foreign Missions but not to girls who can't look out for themselves. It won't lend a hand: but it will talk. And, while talking, the good women (the "good" followed by the author's heavily underscored question-mark) recall, each in the silence of her own soul, black marks in their own lives. All but the spinster, whose record is spotless. The book is a perfectly competent and perfect unoriginal work in the manner of current realism, and it carries a popular moral.

Kept Woman. By VINA DELMAR: Harcourt, Brace and Co. $2.50.

HERE WE HAVE *A Bed of Roses* Manhattan style. W. L. George's version is better reading. We were enthusiastic about Vina Delmar when *Bad Girl* was published. There was honesty and force behind its crudity. But Miss Delmar has been too successful with her too ready pen, and all she can do now is play Hollywood variations on her original theme. Her kept-woman is a gin-drinker, a car owner, a sport with a foul tongue and a heart of gold.

In books, kept women are always loyal, and Lillian runs true to type. She romanticizes herself and Miss Delmar romanticizes her romancing in the manner of modern "realism." Written almost entirely in dialogue, *Kept Woman* is a lurid example of the mutations and mutilations to which the English language is subject.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Peter the Great. By STEPHEN GRAHAM: Simon & Schuster. $3.00.

TO THOSE of us who believe ours is a particularly barbarous age, the study of the life of Peter the Great

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

Whiteoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche: Little, Brown. Another vivid story of the Whiteoaks family which solves some of its problems. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Hans Frost, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. Walpole's London and his Polchester are the backgrounds for this story of a middle-aged writer who was caught in "things," and how he escaped them. A thoroughly delightful novel.

Ropers Row, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. A mechanical, sentimentalized tale of virtue rewarded as illustrated by the life of a medical genius. Reviewed August 7.

The Field of Honor, by Donn Byrne: Century. A romantic account of the conflict between British gold and Napoleonic genius, written in picturesque prose. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Specialist, by Chic Sale: Specialist Publishing Co. Life story and philosophy of a "privy-counselor."

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. A brilliant analysis of the dilemma of the thoughtful man of to-day and a suggested philosophy of life. Reviewed May 8.

Art of Thinking, by Abbe Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes wittily of a lost art.

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will serve as a violent corrective. Here was a monarch who was among the most enlightened that Russia ever enjoyed.

He was interested in all the manual arts. Master of fourteen trades he labored in half the shipyards of Europe in order to introduce shipbuilding at home. He introduced secular education in spite of the determined opposition of the theologians.

He raised the magnificent city of Petrograd upon a frozen swamp. He sent commissions abroad to study the civilized arts of Western Europe but impatient with their findings set out to study them himself. In Holland he visited their manufactories with the intent of introducing them into Russia. His manual accomplishments were almost as varied as those of Leonardo da Vinci.

Yet when we think of how barbarously he translated his reforms on his return, we gain an inkling of his childishness, of how superficially what he had seen impressed him. He had learned dentistry in Holland, so, whenever his friends displeased him he yanked their teeth out with the point of a sword. Westerners were beardless, therefore, by a piece of very bad reasoning, he concluded that he could Westernize his subjects by removing their beards.

Peter chose the nastiest site he could find for the building of his capital city and gloated like a Pharaoh over the thousands of workmen who died in its completion. And when he died Russia promptly relapsed from the external conformity with the West which he had so capriciously introduced.

The author has given a picturesque account of Peter's excesses. His collections of horrors makes us grateful that we are separated by so safe a distance from such an age. Yet we wonder if he has not enlarged on not very authentic anecdotes.

The economic perspective should have been sketched in. Nor is material wanting, for the researches of Russian social historians have not been utilized but ignored.

The freakish sovereign seems to perform his antics in a vacuum. The background of that strange Russia in which Peter lived and which alone might make his actions intelligible, a Russia which, historians say, is really an instructive model of Western Europe arrested at the feudal stage, is left out. Actors can hardly perform without scenery or a stage.

WILLIAM FRAUENGLASS.

Appetites vs. Treaties

As Discussed in Recent Books

WASHINGTON. D. C.

IF TREATIES could keep the world at peace, there would never be another war—the League of Nations, the Locarno Treaties, the Washington Treaties, the Briand-Kellogg Pact, the World Court Protocol, and the numerous arbitration and conciliation agreements have spread a net over international society closely meshed and well-woven, which is strong enough to restrain Mars if words can restrain him.

The question is now raised as to whether treaties can restrain hunger, whether in any conflict between bellies and verbal agreements, the appetites may not conquer the most solemn of agreements. Three recent books present diverse aspects of this crucial problem. In the Sherrill Lectures delivered at the Yale Law School last spring, now published under the title of *Pan American Peace Plans* (Yale Press. $1), Charles Evans Hughes states the legal basis of the case most succinctly:

" . . . Governments have not the freedom of individuals. They are the trustees of national interests and democratic institutions emphasize this relation. Democracies may be as strongly nationalistic as autocracies. Ordinarily, governments do not feel disposed, or even at liberty, to subject a matter of purely national policy to the decision of outsiders, although it may have given rise to the complaints of other nations. They prefer to stand on their rights and to leave the questions to be adjusted, if settled at all, by special agreement."

The political aspects of the "sanctity" of treaties have rarely been better treated than in the lectures of the Chinese Minister Chao-Chu Wu on *The Nationalist Program for China* (Yale Press. $1.50) at the Institute of Politics in 1928. The Minister's arguments as to the justice or injustice of the so-called "unequal treaties" are not precisely the point under consideration here. He contends that "China is tied down by a number of old treaties, ancient treaties, antiquated treaties, reducing her to a position that we consider not so favorable, for instance, as that of India." By "unequal treaties," he says China "means those documents which strike at the very roots of her national life, which are derogatory to her fundamental rights as a free and sovereign nation," specifying as objectionable foreign leaseholds, foreign customs control, extraterritoriality and the exercise of political rights in China by a foreign power. It is, however, this argument which is most effective:

"Even if some persons (and I believe they are a small minority) consider that China has not good and sufficient reasons for demanding the abrogation of the unequal treaties, yet *as practical persons* they must take into consideration the psychological fact that a nation which is greater than all Europe in point of territory and includes more than 400,000,000 population persistently and consistently wants it."

In other words, four hundred million Chinese can't be wrong. This is, politically, true, and serves as an introduction to one of the most stimulating and suggestive political books which has appeared this year, Warren S. Thompson's *Danger Spots in World Population* (Knopf. $3.50). According to Professor Thompson, there is a storm brewing in the Western Pacific, the storm of Japanese expansion. Nations, like bees, have their season of "swarming" and Japan is about to "swarm." Reason, logic, hope, politics, have nothing to do with it; pressure of population upon food supply plus national consciousness makes trouble inevitable. "Not *absolute*, but *felt* pressure is what leads to explosions of peoples, and China does not yet feel the pressure as Japan does."

It would appear, however, that too little heed is paid to the economic side of things. American purchases of raw silk in the last ten years have done more to keep the Japanese Empire a going concern than did the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in the previous decade. The answer to empty bellies is not land but employment which will enable the owners of these irresponsible organs to get the money to buy the bread to get the strength to go to work, as the "Wobbly" jingle has it. Birth control, as a deliberate counter to overpopulation, is less effective than the urbanization which sterilizes large sections of the working population. That there will be trouble in the Western Pacific is as sure as night follows day. That much of this trouble may fall on Great Britain is also likely. That the United States may be involved is not so probable as it seemed a decade ago. On the other hand, there is always trouble, everywhere. The pressure of hunger upon legalism is no less acute inside the State than in its international relations.

JOHN CARTER.

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IF you ever experience half-hours when the possibilities in the questions, Whence and Whither, fairly take your mind's breath away, buy a copy of

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

PEOPLE WHO saw the Theatre Guild's production last season of Sil Vara's *Caprice,* should rush promptly to the box office—alas, we fear it is to the speculators already!—and secure seats for Brock Pemberton's *Strictly Dishonorable,* a new comedy written by an American, Preston Sturges; with considerable assistance, we understand, from Mr. Pemberton himself, and his stage manager Antoinette Perry. For here is distinctly a new talent in the American theatre; manifesting itself in a light-as-air comedy of love and adventure in a New York speak-easy of the well known upper Forties; yet authentic, for all the fluff and gossamer lightness of its present garment.

Mr. Pemberton may have infinitely improved *Strictly Dishonorable* and we are given to understand that he did. It is produced and directed with almost flawless taste and artistry. There is no over-acting here, no attempts to reinforce humor by obvious effects. It is cast as excellently as any play we ever saw. All these things have come to be expected from the man who produced *Goin' Home* last season. But even all these adventitious helps to dramatic perfection cannot dim our conviction that Preston Sturges has a very pretty feeling for emotion, for genuine whimsical humor, and is possessed of a native understanding of human nature. Does the comedy grow thin? No matter; it is only momentary. Does the humor verge occasionally on that of the comic opera stage? No matter, either; it is scarcely out of place in the theatrical illusion which the playwright has substituted for life in his comedy. "I thought," says one of the characters to the policeman in the play, "that policemen never drank while on duty." Replies the policeman, "It only seems like never." The play is full of such jests. Yet, they do not jar in a play whose leading characters are so youthful, so full of divine madness, and so altogether natural.

Quite in the modern mode, the intentions of the hero toward the heroine are, as he announces to her, "Strictly Dishonorable." Yet, what becomes of strictly dishonorable intentions when both parties are madly in love with each other? When the natural chivalry of a man of the world—in this case an Italian opera singer—is aroused by the ingenuous innocence and inexperience of a young Southern girl left on his hands, after a quarrel with her drunken fiance?

Full of deft twists, each one based on natural emotion, the love story of this oddly assorted pair is by turns romantic, touching, true, humorous and altogether delightful. Puritans like Dr. John Roach Straton will probably tear the arms off their chairs at the remarks delivered by the characters. Others will discern merely the old, old romantic love story done up in a new and extraordinarily entertaining guise for sophisticated theatre-goers who like to think they are not sentimental or Victorian. Even at the end, the Alice-Through-the-Looking Glass state of affairs remains authentic, when the young lady refuses her hero's proposal of marriage because she is quite sure he is only sorry for her. "If you really loved me," she says tearfully, "you wouldn't have left me last night."

New York is delighted with this light comedy—and with good reason. In our opinion, add Maxwell Anderson's understanding of emotional values to Philip Barry's flair for wit, and you have the possibilities in young Mr. Preston Sturges.

The Big Shot a new comedy by John McGowan, displaying Eric Dressler and Richard Taber of *Is Zat So* fame, seems almost old fashioned, after such a bit of foolery as *Strictly Dishonorable.* For here is honest character-drawing,—mostly ex-soldiers of the A.E.F., ten years later, living in the Dug Out Club in New York—a well-rounded plot and much homely observation on the more unpleasant sides of masculine vanity and disloyalty, the yarn is of a no-good, blow-hard who by a lucky shot on the races makes money out of a "borrowed" stake temporarily in his possession, and thereupon forgets all his old friends and goes to live in the Ritz, leaving behind him his dumb but loyal best friend, who has seen him through all the hard years.

A most excellent piece of work in many ways—except for the exceeding dumbness of the friend, Gunny Jones, who happens to be played by Richard Taber. And containing some moments of good drama, both human and amusing. But it needs a Frank Craven to give it the genuine humanity which it should have in order to be really authentic. The Mike Kelly of this piece is too clearly an ingrate, without enough to redeem him to make him either real or worth spending an evening with. Yet it is a fairly good play—and not all comedies can be *Strictly Dishonorable.*

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Paris Bound"

WHATEVER IT WAS that Philip Barry was trying to prove, when he wrote *Paris Bound,* is just as obscure to this observer as it was after we had seen the play on the stage.

The movie version is given a very creditable presentation, with the blonde and comely Ann Harding outdoing at every turn the performance given on the stage by Madge Kennedy.

But what the idea is that lies back of *Paris Bound*—there you have us.

James Hutton, Jr., and Mary, his wife, are an ideal young couple. James loves Mary—Mary dotes on James. So does another young thing, Noel Farley by name. Noel, in fact, is That Way about James to the extent that she gets pazzouri-eyed on champagne at his wedding to Mary, and circulates among the guests declaring that he's half hers and some day she is going to get him and get him right.

Now, James and Mary, goofy as they are over one another, are of the modern breed who believe in vacations for married people; so, when James goes abroad on business, Mary stays at home. Not so Noel. She awaits him on the Riviera, and—we must here request the printer to supply us with a row of Mme. Glyn's favorite punctuation. . . .

Not content with this one infidelity, naughty James goes again the following year. This time a well meaning friend spills the beans to Mary, who resolves to get a divorce and marry a young musician, in whom she is mildly interested. When James comes home, however, he adopts the beautifully simple expedient of talking his wife out of her grouch by not allowing her to mention it.

Thus is a happy ending achieved, without the erring husband offering a word of explanation to his wife; but the audience gets a great deal of explanation, mostly from James's father—who was divorced once for infidelity himself, and consequently knows all about it. He says (does old man Hutton) that a husband's infidelity is none of his wife's business; which—as all married men will agree—is daring, if provocative.

We think that just about covers *Paris Bound,* except that no review of it would be complete without mention of the long, sticky and interminable kisses plastered on each other by Miss Ann Harding and her leading man, Mr. Frederic March. Sufficient, one would have said, to last him through six European trips.

But you know what husbands are—just little Turks, grown up!

"Married in Hollywood"

Norma Terris, having played in Mr. Ziegfeld's *Show Boat* for the past couple of decades, is there presented in a screen musical comedy.

The music is by Oscar Straus and the cast, besides Miss Terris, contains Walter Catlett and J. Harold Murray. The story is the familiar one of a Balkan Prince who falls in love with a little actress and marries her over the figuratively dead bodies of his royal parents. It ends in Hollywood.

Still—there are more than a few original twists to the plot and method of *Married in Hollywood* and, in our opinion, you will find it a pleasant little show. In the first place, Norma Terris is refreshingly unaffected as Mary Lou Hopkins, the little American singer; second, Walter Catlett's interpretation of a movie magnate is something new on the screen; third, the movies themselves are expertly kidded with one hand, while the other hand makes them show what they can do.

Also, J. Harold Murray is an acceptable and tuneful hero, as good a prince as ever kissed a rose.

Don't break a leg to see *Married in Hollywood* but, on the other hand, don't break one avoiding it.

Now Showing

Bulldog Drummond (Talking). A well-named picture—it hangs on and on; perhaps because it's the best of the year.

Flight (Talking). Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee in a story of marine aviation. Good comedy, fine air scenes, terrible love interest.

Jealousy (Talking). Jeanne Eagels is the star—but you could see her some other time.

The Lady Lies (Talking). A daring idea for the movies, well acted by Claudette Colbert and Charles Ruggles—less well by Walter Huston.

The Dance of Life (Talking). Hall Skelly and Nancy Carroll in a screen version of **Burlesque.** Backstage sob stuff, well done.

The Hollywood Revue (Talking). A chance to see twenty-five Metro-Goldwyn stars, if that interests you. The show is just fair.

The Four Feathers (Silent). A disappointing picture.

Say It with Songs (Talking). Al Jolson's passion for pathos puts this picture beyond the pale.

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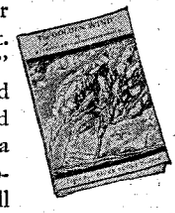

THE first of the Paper Books is now out. It's "The Golden Wind" by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry. And every month hereafter a new book will be published and sent to all Paper Books subscribers, on the day of publication. To show you how fine they are we'll send you "The Golden Wind" on approval, together with complete details of our plan. If you like it send us $5 and you will receive a new Paper Book every month for a whole year. If you do not like the book, return it to us and you will be under no obligation. This offer is open for a limited time only, so clip the coupon now.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

NOW THAT ENGLAND'S Premier has arrived in America and there seems to be reason to believe that an agreement between Great Britain and the United States will be reached, we take pleasure in announcing that the leading article of the next issue will be "Die-Hard for Peace: a Portrait of Ramsay MacDonald" by A. G. Gardiner. Mr. Gardiner, formerly editor of *The Daily News*, is an Englishman and the author of many books, notably *Portraits and Portents*. His article explains the amazing reversal of public opinion which has enabled Mr. MacDonald to re-establish himself.

THE DISTINGUISHED contributor to the editorial page of the next issue will be Professor John Dewey of Columbia University. Dr. Dewey, whose books on philosophy have gained him an international reputation, discusses the future of liberalism in America with reference to the possible formation of a new political party.

THIRTY YEARS ago a New York Minister said "you can't serve God and ride a bicycle." Having, however, survived the menace of the bicycle and having even adjusted ourselves to Henry Ford and the automobile industry, we have now to meet the changes which will inevitably result from further development of the airplane. In "Lunatics of the Air," Charles J. V. Murphy, a frequent contributor to The Outlook and Independent and author of a biography of Commander Byrd indicates some of the adjustments we may be forced to make.

ALTHOUGH CASUALTIES were very light in the drive on the St. Mihiel salient, the members of Evacuation Hospital No. 8, which had been established near Verdun to support the American offensive, had their hands full during the subsequent battle in the Argonne. In the next installment of "Stretchers" Mr. Pottle tells of the unbroken pressure under which his unit worked for fifty days.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

IF YOUR reaction to such modern decoration and furniture as you have seen has been entirely painful, if you are not smitten with unmixed horror and disgust on viewing some of the simpler mechanistic and geometrical pieces of furniture, rugs, lighting fixtures and so on, and if you would really like to know what modern decorators and architects are getting at, we recommend to your consideration a book called *The New Interior Decoration*, by Dorothy Todd and Raymond Mortimer, which was recently published by Scribners.

Here with suitable reference to the *Zeitgeist*, is readably outlined for you an account of what has been done, and why, with a hundred excellent illustrations of the work of Le Corbusier, Duncan Grant, Pierre Chareau, Richard J. Neutra, Djo Bourgeois, William E. Lscaze, Lilly Reich, Vanessa Ball and many others.

"All this trick modern stuff!" you may say. "I wouldn't have it in the house!"

Well, perhaps not. But it has become a pretty widely spread movement.

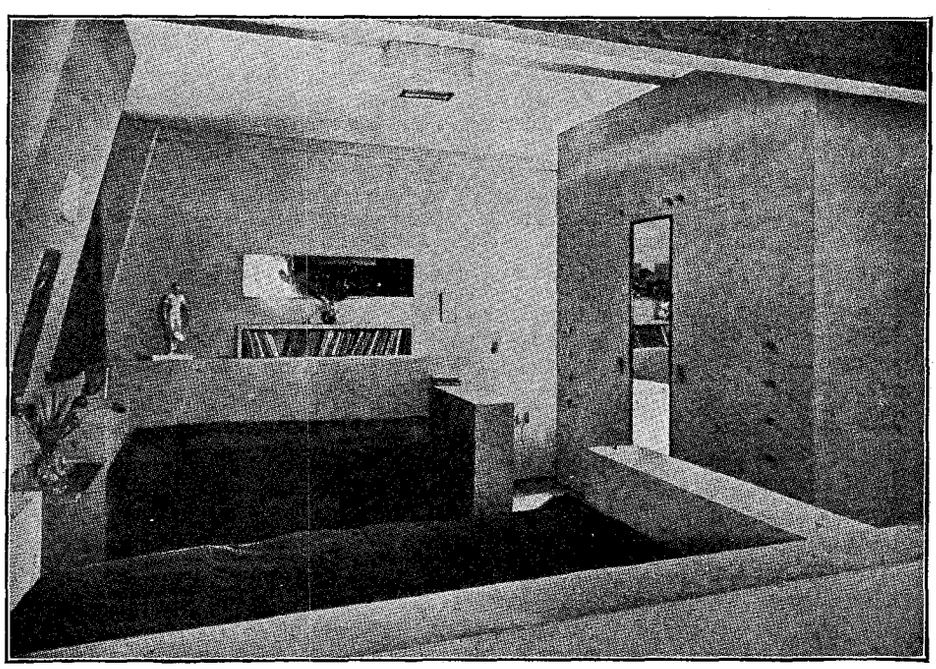
There must be some reason for it—something in it. At least if you read this book you will have given it a fair hearing in court. If you don't like it after that—very well. It's all a matter of taste. Personally we haven't decided whether we like it or not. Some of it we think is pretty ghastly. But of one thing we're certain: it has come to stay. And it may have some bearing on your own home decorating problems.

For the purpose of comparison with some of the cluttered living rooms you are no doubt familiar with, and to emphasize the quiet simplicity of much of the modern work, we show below a modern living room designed by Djo Bourgeois.

FOR THOSE of a gamesome turn there is Escalado—a toy horse racing affair. Small tin horses gallop down a track made of cloth which track is made to jiggle by the turning of a crank. Some depraved souls even bet on this game.

THERE'S A NEW kind of vacuum bottle, or rather tub, which is used for keeping ice cubes unmelted. It saves, we suppose, continued trips to the pantry when the guests continue demanding drinks after the servants have gone to bed. It holds four quarts of cubes or cracked ice, and comes complete with tongs.

DARNETTE is an emergency kit for repairing stockings and lingerie which can be carried in the purse. Very small, and contains ten different colors of silk in hosiery shades, and needles also.



IN THE MODERN MANNER

A living room designed by Djo Bourgeois

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Brains

IN A CITY that numbers homes by the million, among so many people that one becomes an atom, lived a woman alone. She was not a remarkable woman. Seen on the street going about her ordinary errands she was in every way exactly like her neighbors. But there was a difference nevertheless—the same difference that astonishes a small town or family when one of its unnoticed members begins to think for himself.

The woman who lived alone was a good woman with an unconscious sense of kindness and justice. She had always done what she could for her neighbors' wants, and depended upon herself for her own. She found her own mind pleasant company because it rarely fooled her and was always willing to stir itself. Therefore, she enjoyed living alone. But there came times when from the combined pressure of a modest income and the high cost of living, for awhile at least she became philosophical and rented out her extra rooms.

It was in one of these philosophical moments that she paid for an advertisement in a paper. The advertisement was ordinary enough. It spoke briefly of a room to let; clean and inexpensive.

Presently there came an answer, the usual kind of answer, middle aged and plainly dressed. This time it was a man. He was a quiet sort with a touch of timidity in his manner which took heart only gradually as he surveyed the room. The more he looked at it, the better pleased he seemed to be. He flushed finally with pleasure and asked her how much the room would cost him by the week.

She had thought it out conscientiously beforehand, and had arrived at eight dollars as a fair conclusion. She told him, eight dollars.

He was a shy man, struggling with embarrassment and a strange eagerness to explain something. He was working—he had a good job—and he was provided by his company with an expense account. He always spent at least twelve dollars for his room—they expected him to. Anything less would look funny. And it wasn't as if he could find anything as good as this—even for twelve dollars. Besides, if he put down eight dollars for this one, what would the company think of him later on, when he'd have to pay more for a similar room somewhere else?

She could see his point. She hesitated but—well, twelve dollars would get her out of her present condition half again as quickly as eight! And though she was troubled, because eight dollars had seemed to be the fair price, she realized that others would have charged him more. In the end she agreed to charge twelve dollars.

He was about to start out joyfully, intent upon moving into his pleasant room at once, when he remembered something and was again overcome with embarrassment. He would not be able to move in today after all. He must wait until tomorrow, until he could get to the office and back with extra cash. Unless—he stammered again—unless she could let him have enough to pay for moving in his luggage—only until tomorrow.

She let him have it eagerly. After all, it was easy to see he was honest. Besides, she'd have his belongings on the premises, wouldn't she? And she was glad to do a good turn, since she was still troubled by that twelve dollars. She handed the new lodger a ten dollar bill and bade him Godspeed.

When he did not come back, when she realized that he was never coming back, she sat down and thought about it.

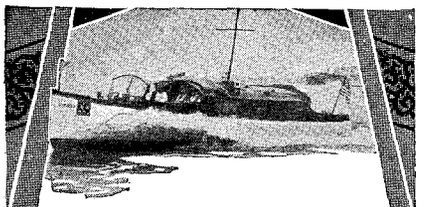
In the first place she had been duped—not only of her money—but of her honesty. The man had tricked her mind into dishonesty. Well, she would be honest now. She had been a kind-hearted fool. So much for that. The man had been a knave. Mean and small, he had yet outwitted her. He would outwit others. He deserved to be punished.

When she reached this decision, she went out and bought a newspaper—the same paper in which she had advertised. She turned to the columns of Furnished Rooms and marked those that were advertised on her part of the city. The next morning she put on her hat and called in person at each address. For two weeks she followed the advertisements and paid visits to the prospective landladies. It was on a Sunday that she received a telephone message from one of her new acquaintances.

"I think it's him," said the agitated voice. "You'd better come right over with a cop."

Reluctantly—for she was accustomed to depending on herself—she called a policeman. Together they went to one of those advertised addresses and entered. Inside, a shy and pleasant faced man was discussing terms with his future landlady.

"It's him," said the woman who lived alone to the policeman. And then, surveying the man who had duped her, "Just like I thought. He hadn't the brains to work out a new trick."



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THE UNIVERSE AROUND US

By Sir James Jeans

Jules Verne's fancy never invented anything more fascinating than the facts in this book. It opens up for you the vast mysteries of the universe and tells of the probings of science into the nature, origin, age and destined end of the world and all that lies about it.

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At bookstores—Illustrated $4.50

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Il Duce vs. the Pope

(Continued from Page 207)

light do we wish to be shown the way, if not by his radiance. At no other fountain do we desire to quench our thirst, if not at his spring. For he alone has the secrets of eternal life, as Christ has revealed them."

The censor suppressed the publication on these grounds:

"Under the stimulation of a rightful and devoted homage to the Supreme Pontiff, it tends to draw the Catholic young people of Italy away from the legitimate authority of the Italian State and of the institutions of Italy."

The most characteristic episode of the "war in time of peace" is the suppression of the copy of the *Civiltá Cattolica* of July 20, 1929. This old and famous review, compiled by the Jesuits, was never suppressed by the liberal governments which, according to the review itself, had violated all liberties, divine and human, until Fascism supervened to restore religious peace in Italy. Fascist suppression of the review was animated by an historical article contending that Napoleon I concluded a Concordat with Pope Pius VII a century ago, but violated it, and God punished him by sending him to die at St. Helena. Behind the shadow of Napoleon, the censor thought he discerned the profile of Mussolini. Pius XI consoled the faithful defenders of Pius VII, by giving to the director of the *Civiltá Cattolica*, Padre Rosa, a medal of flaming gold. But soon afterward, Padre Rosa was stricken with a painful malady in one of his ears, and went to Spain to have his ear treated by a famous specialist in Barcelona—as if there were no specialists to be found in Italy.

The disputes between Catholics and Fascists will go on, and will grow more and more sharp, until some fine day the Fascists get tired of obeying the Pope or the Italians get tired of obeying both the Pope and Mussolini.

Annual Jamboree

(Continued from Page 224)

barrows, and when the steamer docked, certain of the stricken conventionites were trundled through the main thoroughfare to the delight of their associates and the general public.

Another convention brought the members of a well known manufacturing association to the city. A number of the delegates became embroiled in a golf argument concerning the technique of approach shots. The debate became hotter with the pulling of every cork, and finally the fieriest orator offered to prove his contention that the wrists should be kept stiff. He took his mashie in hand, and with consummate skill drove a dozen golf balls through the window of the committee room on the eighteenth floor of the hotel and would have driven a dozen more but for the protests of the management.

I have seen members of a society whose name is a household word, solid citizens all, parading down the city's principal avenue behind a tame goose costumed in miniature trappings of their order. Some particularly inventive conventionites conceived the brilliant notion of filling an ancient waterwagon with sound Pilsener and successfully put it into effect, an achievement which was considered far more impressive than the election of officers, annual reports, and grand get-together and banquet combined.

A few weeks ago, prior to a huge fraternal convention, I as well as thousands of other citizens, received a letter from the local viceroy soliciting a contribution, no matter how slight. Funds were lacking, it appeared, to entertain the visiting delegates in the manner they deserved. The boys must be shown a good time, and it devolved upon every citizen, member or not, to do his bit. The reputation of the city was at stake. And though a non-member myself, I was sorely tempted to contribute. For after all, American life affords no more curious or diverting spectacles than its conventions, and they are worth an admission price.

Imaginative Courage

(Continued from Page 221)

was advanced without any success by Choate at the Hague Conference; it was objected to by the British at the time of the signing of the Armistice of 1918. Its adoption would remove all serious danger of future conflict with the British. President Hoover now has it in his power to insist upon the acceptance of this doctrine by the British. If he could write this princple into international law, he would be regarded as one of the outstanding presidents of American history. On the other hand, British publicists and naval experts, Mr. MacDonald himself, have recognized that under present conditions Great Britain might benefit from the application of this principle as much as any nation in the world. The acceptance of the freedom of the seas would secure British communications with her Dominions and colonies. If in return the United States would agree that the seas might be closed to the commerce of an aggressor state the foundations of Anglo-American peace, no matter what the commercial rivalry of the two nations, could hardly be shaken. The formula is familiar. In existing conditions it is based upon the merest common sense: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for enforcement of international covenants."

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY Springfield, Missouri

Respectable Heretic

(Continued from Page 210)

at times considerable ingenuity at it:

Not only can we not imagine God, but science has brought us to a place where we cannot imagine the physical universe. As Einstein, for example, knows it, it is utterly unpicturable. . . . Some philosophies split the world in two, the subhuman world on one side, the human on the other, and they get their controlling ideas from the physical world alone. That is the source of all materialism, . . . treating man as though he were not a substantial part of the universe to be explained, thinking of man and his spiritual values as an accidental appendage to creation. . . . Any philosophy which in trying to explain creation takes in the constellations but leaves out the mind which grasps them cannot be true.

This argument, which is taken from his volume, *Adventurous Religion,* is an example of what some one called the doctor's nimble foot work. When he takes up the question of personal immortality, he doesn't come off quite so well. In 1912, as a rising young theologian, he polished off this subject with ease in a volume called *The Assurance of Immortality.* In his riper utterances, however, the word "assurance" is not so prominent, and after many thousands of words he comes back to nothing more positive in the way of proof than the ancient defiance of mankind: "I believe because I believe:"

Without immortality all our fathers are finally dead, and we shall be finally dead, and our children will be finally dead, until at last every human being will be dead—nothing left to conserve the spiritual gains of all this sacrifice upon the earth. I cannot believe that. I cannot believe that this ascending struggle of mankind is doomed to end in a hopeless cinder heap.

His intellectual contributions have not been notably original or profound but to try to dismiss him as a mere pulpit spell-binder on that account, as a few have done, is the height of stupidity. It is part of the fashionable fallacy that intellect is everything; whereas in reality there are other functions, and his is an exceedingly sensitive and urgent insight.

In the current clash of opinion on matters spiritual and terrestrial, people usually think of, let us say, H. L. Mencken and John Roach Straton as the arch-opponents. But Mr. Mencken and Dr. Straton are brothers. They love each other, in their odd fashion; they could not get along without denouncing each other, and their minds work just alike. It is Mr. Mencken and Dr. Fosdick who are the two historical antitheses, running far back into the theological wrangles of the Middle Ages; Mr. Mencken the analyst, who sees no forest but only trees, and Dr. Fosdick the synthesist, who will at any time leap lightly over mere objective facts in his hurry to embrace a passionate hunch. In his book on Palestine his imagination gallops miles ahead of historical knowledge in some places to create a picture of Jesus. But the figure divined by his intuition is so great, so intrinsically true, that a like-minded reader is in danger of being convinced as Fosdick convinced himself. Regarding the current theories which would reduce Jesus to a myth: he waves them all aside with an impatient gesture,—and anyway, he observes, "the invention of him and his parables would require a genius like his own." Logically that is only a step from contending that the idea of Jesus is as good as the actual Jesus,—however remote it may be emotionally. Dr. Fosdick, in short, is a realist, in the medieval sense; a man to whom the inner world of aspirations and ideas has a reality transcending facts and things.

A few years ago, when the dissension

Was This the Scene of SOLOMON'S MINES?

Conical Tower, Zimbabwe Ruins

Deep in the heart of Mashonaland, surrounded by ancient mine workings, lie the great ruins of Zimbabwe—remains of temple, citadel, outbuildings. There's a haunting influence about the place—the mind is fascinated with speculation on these relics of a vanished civilization. Who were these ancient architects and treasure diggers? Was this the Biblical Ophir that paid golden tribute to Solomon's glory? Scientists are trying to solve this mystery.

South Africa abounds in such romance and marvels—There's only one greatest and grandest waterfall in the world—Victoria Falls. You must go to South Africa to see it. The greatest diamond fields—Kimberley—are in South Africa. There, too, are the magic Cango Caves, the more than mile-deep Rand gold mines, the Drakensberg Mountains, the Valley of a Thousand Hills, the great Kruger Big Game Preserve, the glorious Cape Peninsula. Here you can see the Kaffirs in their quaint Kraals— the Bantus staging their barbaric War dances—and you can hunt and fish, play golf, tennis, and cricket, swim and sail, and enjoy a variety of other sports.

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in the church was loudest, he rubbed his Fundamentalist opponents the wrong way by insisting that there was a difference between what he called "the religion about Jesus," and "the religion of Jesus."

A man can have a religion about Jesus and harbor bitter racial prejudice; he can have a religion about Jesus and be a rampant militarist, a narrow nationalist, a hard-handed industrial autocrat; he can have a religion about Jesus and not be fit to live with in a home. But no one can have the religion of Jesus and be that.

He talks unendingly on this theme. Of the many illustrations which present themselves, I will take a passage from the same handbook on Palestine which I have already quoted. He is reflecting on the indecencies of religious history in the Holy Land:

Still his gospel of good-will judges the world. Moslem or Christian or Jew must stand or fall as he practises goodwill or lacks it. That standard which he set as the crux of Eternal Judgment sifts men and nations yet and will sift them to the end. And as I looked, his figure faded into another which long before had labored there. I saw Araunah the Jebusite still separating the chaff from the wheat.

Undoubtedly, that is not an intellectual contribution but, as a number of authorities have pointed out, Christianity was not an intellectual contribution in the first place. It is the simplest thing in the world to establish in the realm of logic that the Nietzschean doctrine is far superior to the doctrine of Christ. There remains the question, however, whether that is due to the weakness of the Christian doctrine, or to the limitations of the realm of logic.

Dr. Fosdick is often called a mystic, and there is warrant for this in his own conception of religion, which he set forth a while ago as the sense of self-committal to the more-than-self,—whatever the latter's form. The core of his own religion is an intensely personal devotion to its founder, whom he adores as the sum of life's highest values.

For my part, I too have a theology about Jesus, am sure that if one does not find the Divine in that transcendent and crystalline life one will not be likely to find it anywhere, and as the years pass I see more clearly, not less, the light of the knowledge of God's glory in his face.

That is not the only thing which happens as the years pass. Lately it has seemed as though Dr. Fosdick were becoming more and more irritably aware of the gulf between Christ and professing Christians. He said not long ago that there had been very few real ones in the world's history. It was during the War that he began being noticeably rude about the churches. He complained that "in the presence of a gigantic task calling for a federated church, we stand, a split, dissevered flock of churches," haggling over trifles. He wanted Christianity to pull itself together and think about preventing another war. For some time he preached enthusiastically for this united church, a church based on nothing but tolerance, good works and brotherly love. Dr. Fosdick at bottom is just the sort of red-eyed prophet whose fervor for the naked Word has always caused no end of disturbance to the orderly administration of a house of God. For instance there is that surprising sentiment which he uttered at his farewell sermon at the First Presbyterian Church, and which he has since put into practice.

Why should things like baptism divide? If I had my way, baptism would be altogether an individual affair. Any one who wanted to be immersed I would gladly immerse. Any one who wanted to be sprinkled I would gladly sprinkle. If anybody was a Quaker and had conscientious scruples against ritual, I would gladly without baptism welcome him on the confession of his faith. Why not?

At this point even some of the most steadfast liberals looked at each other and murmured: "Tut, tut, Dr. Fosdick!" As one liberal minister who had supported him through all his battles said plaintively to the writer: "Harry Fosdick is very inspiring as a preacher, but I doubt if you could take him as a guide in practical church affairs. He hasn't what you would call the church sense. He would be just as happy preaching to a lot of people in a hall."

Indeed, it is true,—Dr. Fosdick hasn't the church sense, and the deficiency grows more glaring.

The exclusive features of the denominations, almost altogether non-spiritual as they are, and remote from any influence on moral character, are a burden on the religious life of the nation.

And so on. In themselves, these utterances contain explosive matter of a quality to blast the Protestant world asunder. And still nothing happens. Why?

The blunt answer seems to be that the Christian church at the present time hasn't enough of its old-time vitality left to make a thorough martyr of Dr. Fosdick. On prohibition and politics it may bestir itself diligently enough, but when it comes to a genuine religious issue, the pulse beats low indeed. At the present time any one who wants to be admitted to Dr. Fosdick's church without the ceremony of baptism is so admitted; and nothing happens. He is not put out of his Baptist pulpit as he was put out of a Presbyterian one; he is not disciplined at all. Admittedly the task would be harder this time, because of the constitution of the church, which gives each individual congregation much more autonomy than the Presbyterian law allows. But if the technical difficulties are greater now, the provocation which Dr. Fosdick has given since his connection with the Park Avenue Church is vastly greater. Beyond a doubt he has the style of mind and personality to set off any sized religious conflagration, but his material refuses to ignite.

Dr. Fosdick, in short, is a man born out of his time. The natural material of religious reform—the rebels and the critical—are at the moment hypnotized by facts, even imperfectly apprehended facts; even facts which are not facts at all. They are not in a mood to respond to a leader whose strong point might be termed inspiration,—or hunches. On the other hand, this state of affairs will not necessarily endure forever. One of Dr. Fosdick's favorite quotations is a remark of Thomas A. Edison's, to the effect that no one knows one seven-millionth of the truth about anything. It is conceivable that the whole world will some day embrace the mood of these words, which tend, as it were, to put science in its place. When that happens, the immense materialism of our time will be engulfed in a wave of mysticism correspondingly great. If Dr. Fosdick could be here, it would be his hour.

Lull Before the Marne

(Continued from Page 213)

Division, which after a six days' rest in villages along the Marne, was being rushed north for the Aisne-Marne offensive.) Moving past us endlessly that stream of great brown trucks filled with brown clad men, like the endless belt of some great machine, feeding them into a gigantic hopper.

"We drove through the unlighted and quiet streets of a town—whether large or small it was impossible to say—climbed a steep ascent, and stopped before a building on the hill top which, from its mass and the dark shadow of

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a grove of trees behind it, seemed to be a mansion of considerable importance. Two units were at work here on this hill top, an evacuation hospital, and a mobile unit or 'auto-chir.' This was the operating room of the evacuation. It was evidently the most splendid parlor of the chateau; a fairly large room, elaborately decorated with a hand-painted landscape frieze, and a fire-place with an immense rococo mantel and mirror. Now it was jammed full of operating tables, and several teams were hard at work. Bloody gauze and towels were everywhere—on the floor, in the fireplace, simply trodden underfoot. The rush was so terrific that the orderlies had had only time to mop off the top of the table as one man was carried out and another brought in. There was no electricity, the light being furnished by portable acetylene generators, bubbling smelly tanks with a bare jet of flame at the height of about five feet. The wooden shutters were tightly closed for fear of air raids, and the air was terribly close, reeking with ether and acetylene, and shimmering with the heat. To one slightly light-headed with fever like myself, the room was an impossible nightmare of unearthly shapes: silent and prostrate forms cumbering the tables, tense and busy groups of surgeons and nurses with their ghostly white gowns and ghoulish gloved hands, like black claws, wielding the glittering little instruments in a silence broken only by the oppressed breathing of the men under the ether, the click of the instruments, and occasional curt commands.

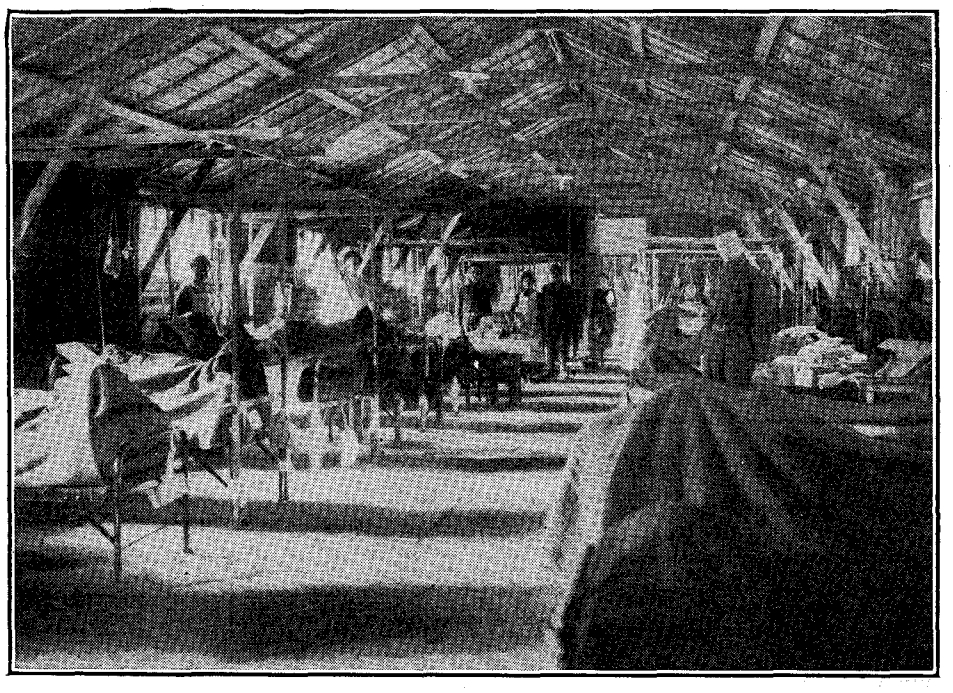
"I had to assist for two tables. We started with a patient. I held his arms as he went under the ether, and, as I did so, gazed uncomprehendingly at what was going on at the next table. The surgeon there (a man with an unpleasantly loud and cheerful voice) had amputated one of his patient's legs and was starting to amputate the other. For some reason, he had had the patient laid on the table with his feet where the others' heads were. It looked to me as though he were amputating the man's head, which at the time did not seem in the least surprising. It came over me that I was about to faint. But there was no one to pay any attention to an assistant with a silly case of tonsilitis while all these desperately wounded men waited. Besides, the anesthetist just then had her hands full, and all the others were scrubbed up. And if I let go the patient, he might struggle and throw himself off the table. So I stood, holding his arms, hoping that if I fell I should go across his chest. Everything went black. I could see nothing, though I could hear the talking and the vicious gritting of the haemostats. Suddenly the lights came back with a blaze, and I was out of it. The major, seeing me sag, had flopped me down on a stool and pushed my head between my knees. He had just got himself ready to begin the operation, and in touching me broke his asepsis, which quite properly annoyed him. He told me to go out doors and stay there until I was steady enough to be of some use. I stumbled out through the hall, and collapsed on the grass in front of the chateau. Then I got up, crawled into the hallway, found my pack and belt, and drank some aromatic spirits of ammonia. It tasted vilely of the rubber stopper of the flask, but seemed to have no effect at all. I thought that if I walked about a bit it might steady me. I skirted the side of the chateau, and had just got well around into the trees behind, when BANG!! a terrific explosion almost lifted me from the ground. A German plane had dropped a bomb within a hundred yards. In the interval between the bomb and the next, I heard the motor of the plane right overhead. Then a battery of anti-aircraft guns opened fire. They were so near that for a moment I thought it was more bombs. I was standing beside a good sized oak tree, and I remember that I embraced it firmly. What good I thought it would do me, I don't know. The German dropped two more bombs, neither so near as the first, and departed. The shock had cleared my head completely. I went back to the operating room and worked without stopping until noon the next day. Just before we went off, a patient died on the table. I helped carry him to the morgue, a small white tent on the lawn. It stood quite in the open, under the direct rays of the scorching sun. Before we got to it, I could hear quite clearly the heavy buzzing, like that of many swarms of bees, made by the hordes of flies that filled it. We went off until seven that evening. I hunted up a stretcher and pulled it into an empty ward tent on the lawn. It was made of glaring white canvas, and lined with flaming yellow. It seemed to me that every ray of the blistering sun came through to torture me. Officers and men coming off duty or going on again were continually passing by and talking. I lay in a heavy stupor, unable to sleep, and yet got some rest.

"When we went on duty again it was with the mobile unit. All their equipment was in tents, or on wheels. Their kitchen was on wheels, their sterilizer was a truck, and a portable generator furnished electric light. The operating room was a long tent with twelve tables in a row. A person who had not seen it would be unable to believe that so commodious and efficient an operating room could be set up in a tent.

"We worked twelve hours this time—until seven the next morning. My knees soon gave out completely, so that to bend them hurt me as though I had rheumatism.

A strenuous week completed our busy work for the summer. From then until we left Juilly, our days moved on in the sleepy routine into which they had settled before the Marne battles.

(To Be Continued)



FRACTURE WARD, PETIT MAUJOUY

The weights, suspended over pulleys, keep broken arms and legs in extension. One of the glass reservoirs for the Dakin solution may be seen beside the first weight at the left

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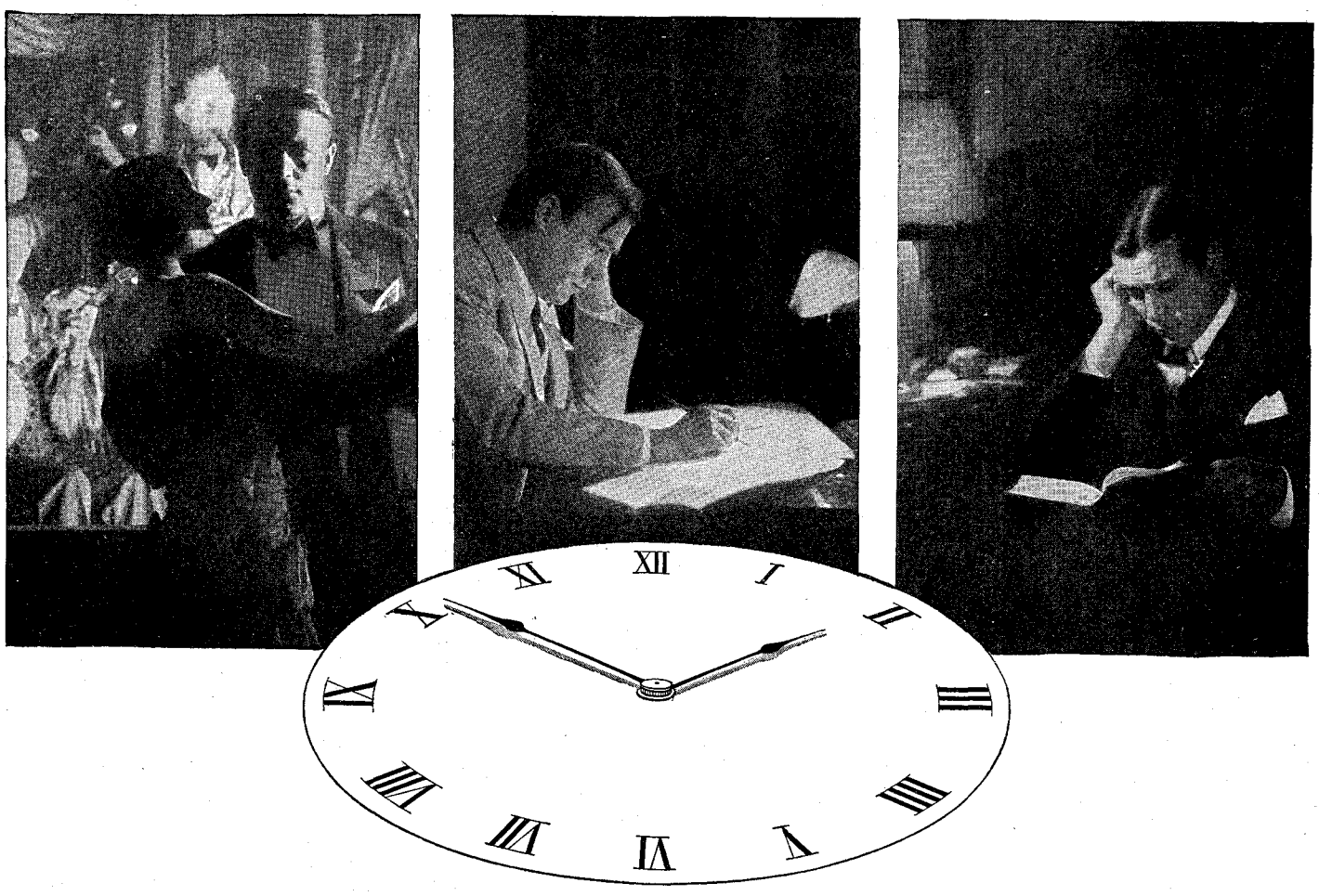

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With Our Readers

In Defense of the South

Jacksonville, Florida

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Debunking seems to be the favorite pastime of many writers to-day; and the poor, benighted South is such a popular field that the easiest way of getting into print seems to be through the puncturing of the southern tradition. A very dear college mate of mine wrote a book some five years ago, in which he traced the development of the culture of one of the last sections of the South to become at all thickly settled—a state which had a large Indian population less than a century ago. The book deserved all the praise it received; but, to our astonishment, it was hailed by critics chiefly because it allowed the reader to conclude that the ante-bellum culture of the state under consideration was pretty flimsy.

The article by Mr. Bert Roller in your issue of the 25th is not a fair picture. One has only to read his specific illustrations, to see how narrow his observation has been. He mentions Simms as passé—I think, unjustly so; but he probably does not know that Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, buried in my former parish churchyard at Marianna, Florida, was the most popular woman novelist of America in the 40's and 50's. He has not heard that an art gallery existed in Charleston before such a collection was ever suggested in the North; that grand opera was a regular event in New Orleans before it reached the great metropolitan cities; that probably the only American pianist to gain world-wide reputation in the last century, Gottschalk, was a native of that same city. Of the founding of William and Mary College (1692) and its offspring, Phi Beta Kappa (perhaps the greatest stimulus to undergraduate effort that American student life has experienced); of the incorporation of the University of Georgia, two years before the United States had a constitution. I shall say no more. Rather let me speak of the town of my birth—a typical county seat in the northern half of Georgia. I shall select Madison, because it is typical, because I know it best, and because the inhabitants of communities much older (such as abound in Virginia and South Carolina) may cite a fortiori analogies.

Madison, a town of about 3000 people, dates back to the beginning of the 19th century. There were two female colleges before the Civil War: neither survived the depredations of Sherman's army and the impoverishment of Reconstruction. In the fine old homes, with their porches and columns, were libraries which would give the critic many a jolt. It was the delight of my boyhood to look through these ample book-cases, full of ante-bellum editions of French writers, the old historians and essayists; for, as law and politics were a gentleman's occupation, likewise every gentleman felt he must have an insight into the classics. Quotations from the Latin writers, as well as from our English poets, were part of every gentleman's stock of trade. Let an old library be examined in one of the Greek renaissance homes of Athens, Georgia, or many other towns; and surprises are in store. One gentleman, in a reminiscent mood, told me that in these ante-bellum days every one read the essayists (Addison, etc.), and took Scott and Dickens for light reading.

Mr. Roller may jest as he pleases about the family silver, painting, etc., and say they "did not exist." My own observation is different. Even if the interest was dilettante, there was still a background of culture just as European as Mr. Ransome has intimated in Harper's and it resulted in some very distinguished contributions to national life, as the rolls of American statesmen will show.

Faithfully yours,
EDGAR L. PENNINGTON

A Supporter of Mr. Dewey

Orange, New Jersey

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Hurrah for "Mr. Dooee" and others who have voiced their objections recently to the present tone and attitude of The Outlook regarding prohibition, law enforcement, and world peace. You are not on the eminence you once were, and it is too bad, for this Old World has a need for a stabilizing influence, and, if you will, for an "hide-bound" conservative group—such as those readers of the Abbott-Roosevelt days—who will look a situation in the face, not tear down, but build up, who will have a solution that they will back militantly, whether it be to overcome the liquor "evil," uphold the Constitution and the laws, or keep the peace with the "big-stick" as did T. R.

Any one can object, but what *is* The Outlook's solution of the problem of law enforcement, of the Eighteenth Amendment, and of insuring that there be no more wars (by pacts or otherwise)? We now get only intimations of your position through those who use your columns, for you have no *real* editorial page. It would seem that The Outlook—in amassing its articles by the "witnesses of this age to the progress of life" (my wording is inaccurate, and I had thought that I could never forget that sentence which used to be under "Where is Mankind Going?"—it made me wake at night ready to do battle)—in collecting this testimony from these witnesses, has no time to think itself and attempt to be among those attempting to direct the course of the said Mankind.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM A. LORD, JR.

Roses

Hartford, Connecticut

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

As a reader of The Outlook for very many years please allow me a word relative to the changed attitude of the magazine which I most thoroughly appreciate.

How much better to keep abreast of the times in all matters pertaining to ethics, morality and religion, than clinging to outworn dogmas which are rapidly being discarded by all clear thinking persons. The wail of those who strenuously object to the logical and enlightened position you are taking is truly pathetic, but these persons should remember that the automobile cannot be resolved to the stage coach, or the electric light to the tallow dip. The dogmas so carefully cherished by the old Outlook were bound to be displaced by a broader, better and more philosophical view of man, his origin and destiny, which no longer can be fettered and bound by a dogmatic creed which is contrary to all which science has taught us. It seems fairly safe to predict that where one cancels his or her subscription that The Outlook and Independent (I like the latter word) will be repaid ten fold by new subscribers who will freely appreciate the broad views and excellent editorial work of your much improved publication.

Most cordially yours,
C. H. DRESSER

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